

# **AEthel-GRAMS or Hammers Struck in Golgonooza - AEthelRed**

20-9-78

Front  
Cover. A Gigantic World; pitifully, humanly Scaled!  
And when the Giant Awakes—out of that dis-inte-  
grative rubble 'rouses the TRUE MAN: the Absurd  
Reduction BORN of No Last chance. "Without Con-  
traries, no Progress," Without Progress, no Fallacy  
Of Contradiction. ".... for it is not by Measure that  
He gives the Spirit!" And "No one receives anything,  
Except that Heaven gives it." To whet, to wit  
The damascene obscenities of Split-tongue, Silver-  
Quickened Ironies, I speak on Wednesdays thusly:  
"To what I See, have Seen & Heard, I am the Bearer  
And the Withers" And these inclusive Here, ARE  
AETHel-GRAMS; or Hammers STRUCK in GolgonooZA.  
Glad sloughings they are, adding to The Hillock: The  
Mere, the Don deposit, ex cathedra, hastening intrens-  
igent the Self-hood made of Death borne-up  
Excrementitious. No Fact, no Fictive, wafting  
phantasy. Eye-witnessings come of the Giant  
who's Absurd! "Another England I have seen,  
Another London with its Tower, another Thames—  
And other Hills..." There are more Grassy Knolls  
In Ohio than One can shake a Stick-at. And Puffs of  
Lamb-tail Smoke, The faintly Repercussive One-Shot  
Round the World of Gyring gyres Here. The scrying  
of out-landish Heaven's Hellish Marriage, once and Now  
Espouses HERE six stoney Night Jars and their whites  
of Eyeballs quaking on the Shelf. (Turn to the BACK  
Cover for more of the Scribe of SCrim, thin Author of  
UPholstery who Hails the Depth of SKIN—AETHELRED.)



or. Hammers Struck in Golgonooza by <sup>S</sup>  
Aethelred Eldridge — published by  
Golgonooza, The Church of William BLAKE  
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AE

This Edition  
of

AETHEL-GRAMS

500 Copies

ALSO,  
ALBION AWAKE!

by AETHELRED (1977)

108 pages - Still in  
Supply 2.50

from  
Solgonoo

VA



R.R. 1, MILLFIELD, OHIO  
45761



Aethelred and AlexandeA Eldridge And  
FRIENDS of ALBION

23-9-78

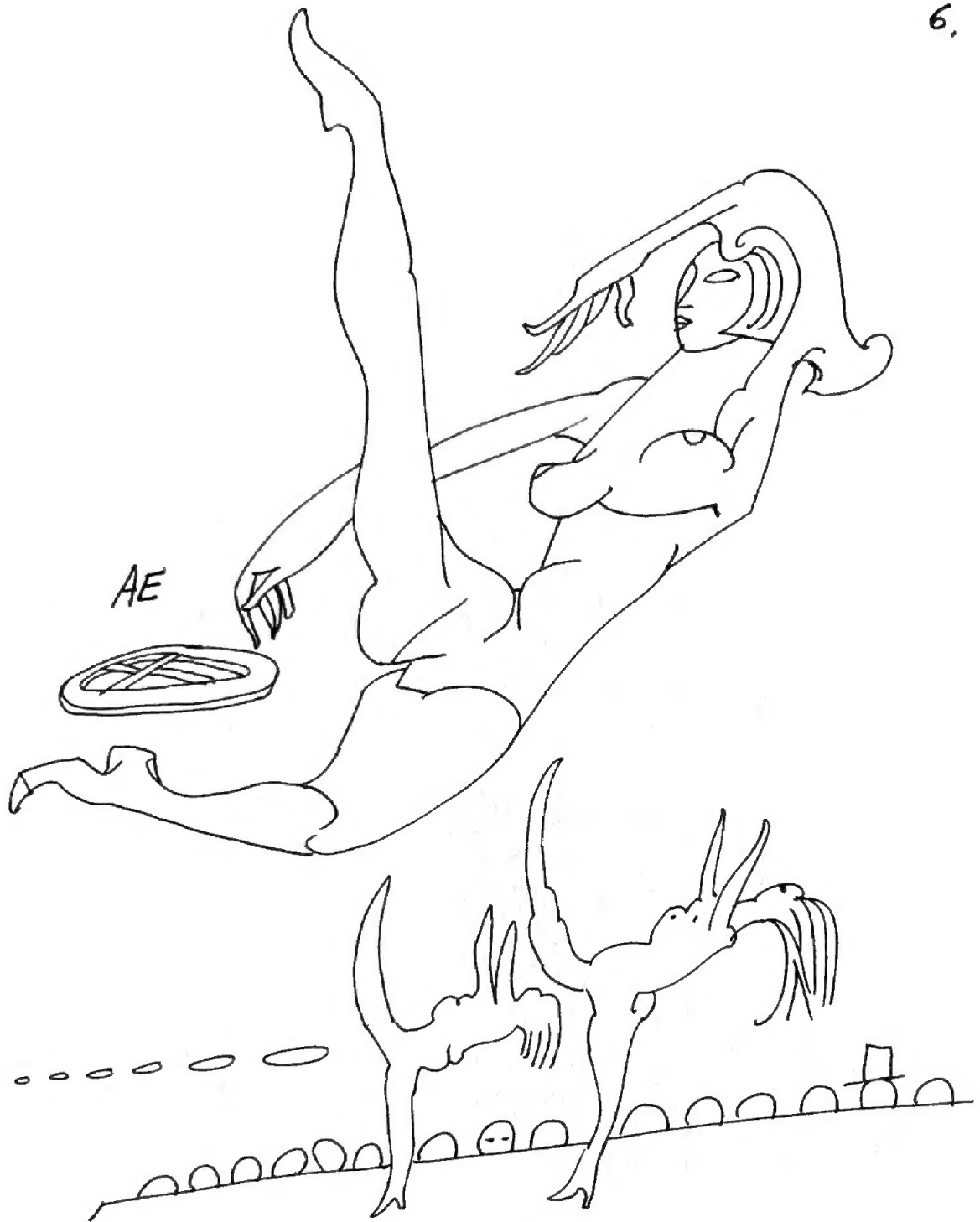
4.

Dedication I cannot concoct a carnal  
Quid quoth instance to the Parallels of Know-  
Ledge Streaming left and Right-eyed to the  
Prime, or Instant, of evanishment. Nor what  
Retrieved advantage could Edenic-in-a-Moment  
Tender to the Plucked Eye? Goosey-gander's  
Not so Hierogamic - 'cause the Sauce's Sated  
Ankle-deep. Widows abound. And their Virgin-  
Mystic-Marriage roles, of mother Lode bereft-  
And Bridely Status, flutter, hanging-out beyond  
Belief. But pull the Brim; hold down your Hat!  
Fires Skimming to the World, in Never and the  
Less, at Length ARRIVE! And the unquotable is  
Ripe for Hatching. Safe-guards to this - there are  
None! The Point of Lady Poverty's being Pook  
Is, surely, that She doth Inherit. Nor can I  
Wring the Meaning more than Wine in Verity  
Has wrung from this. The Camera Obscura is an  
Open-ended Chamber Pot. How can I dedicate the  
Dark Phase of my Genesis till all the chips dubbed  
'Philosophic' fall from Doubt? Till in the Tent the  
Total End of Photo-synthesis is Hailed? And  
Leprosies come chastened from the Furnace?  
Yet, it is Done! I am no Stranger to the Strange Con-  
Figuration: ALBION, the yearning, and the Making  
of Jerusalem are One. The Appling, Marriage-  
Mating Likeness of my Eye is Clothed in



Nakedness, displaying Intellect. And She is  
Alexandra, maddening Soul—also, Wife. And  
All the Queens of England are a Maddening Solace.  
AE

6.









AE

ABOUT AETHELGRAMS

14-9-78

9.

For those who would question the Lotus  
Sloth of how I chew the Red, guffawing;  
How I manage to evade the cunning Rag-tag  
Rage of going deeper into Poor Assimilation  
Than the System doth allow — to Those  
who are Haunting me, to that Eyeless Reader-  
Ship of Being Written-out, and Anything  
But Self-effacing, flying like a Holy Scroll  
And spitting in the Wind — to Those who  
Make this PLACE a Haunted Planet Hovering  
on groundless, thrice-Substantiated Air —  
And going one deeper, especially to Those  
The Remnant tatters sown upon the In-  
Being of the Only FRIEND; He, who dreamier  
And deeper in the Excremental Dreamdevizes  
ITS AWAKING — in brief, to Those at Their  
Wits Ends, I am totally Sub-Lunar. And  
Aethelgrams — meaning whatever I put my hand  
to — is in the Way of Annihilation, a Self-Con-  
structed Hatchet-Job. Spooks of Individually  
White-sheeted Leprosies moan. Their gist,  
Interpreted, is the obvious: White Power shall  
Not prevail. But Breasting Rubies and the Rubrics  
Cresting on the Dumbness of the Scroll insist that  
Failure shall not Fail. ALBION AWAKES! AE



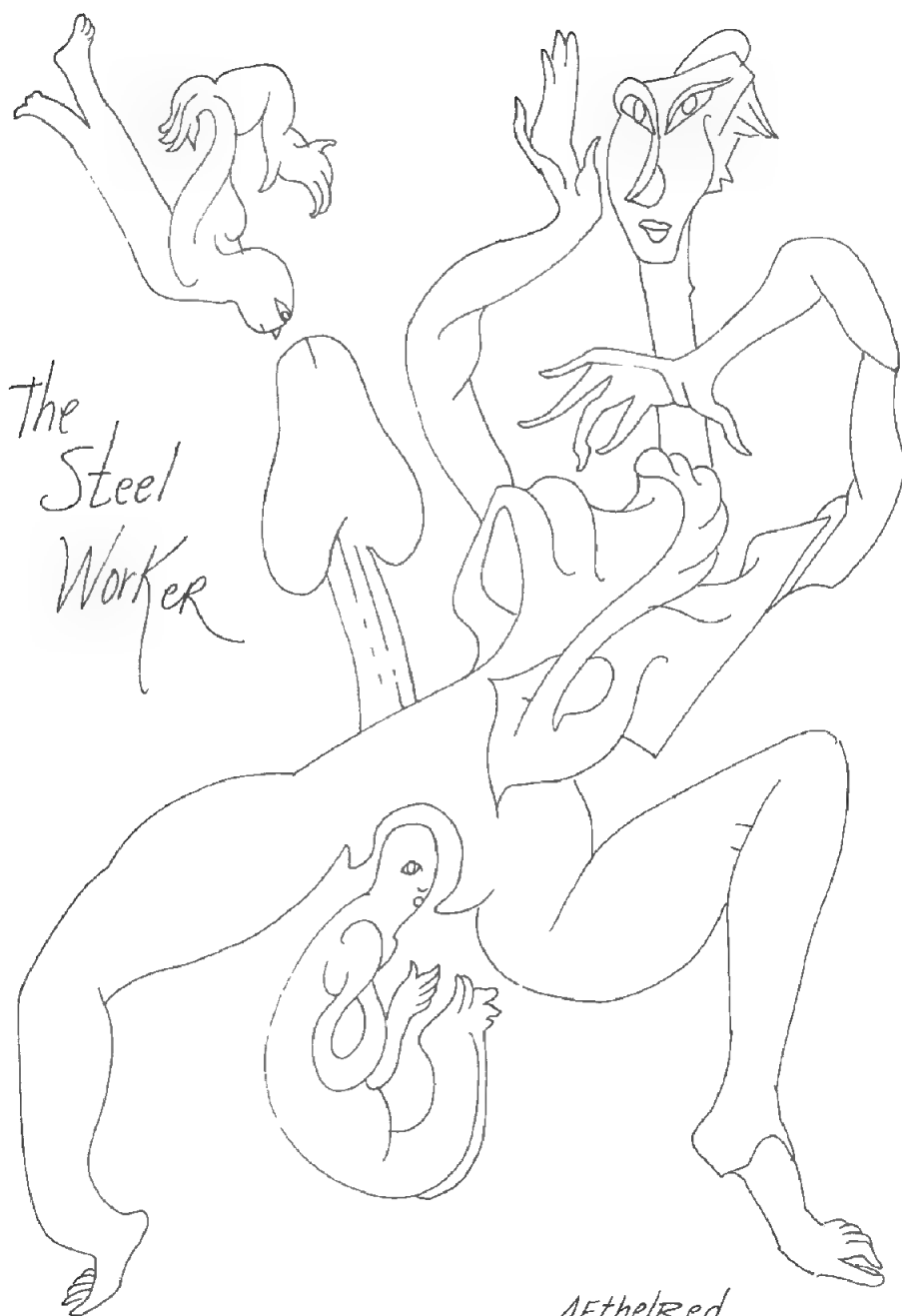
10.

AE

Helping themselves<sup>11.</sup>  
help  
you  
(patty-  
cake)



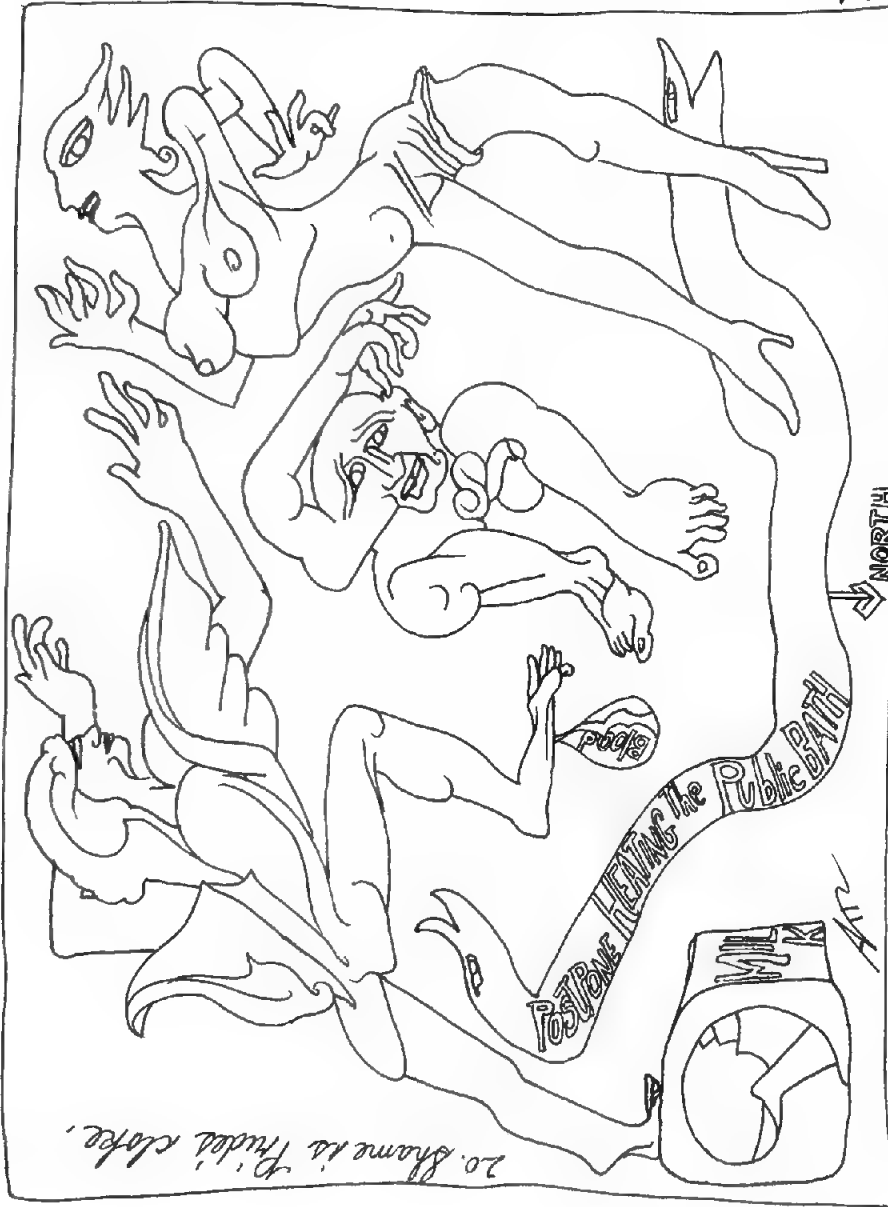
Aethelred



12.

The  
Steel  
Worker

Aethelred



14.





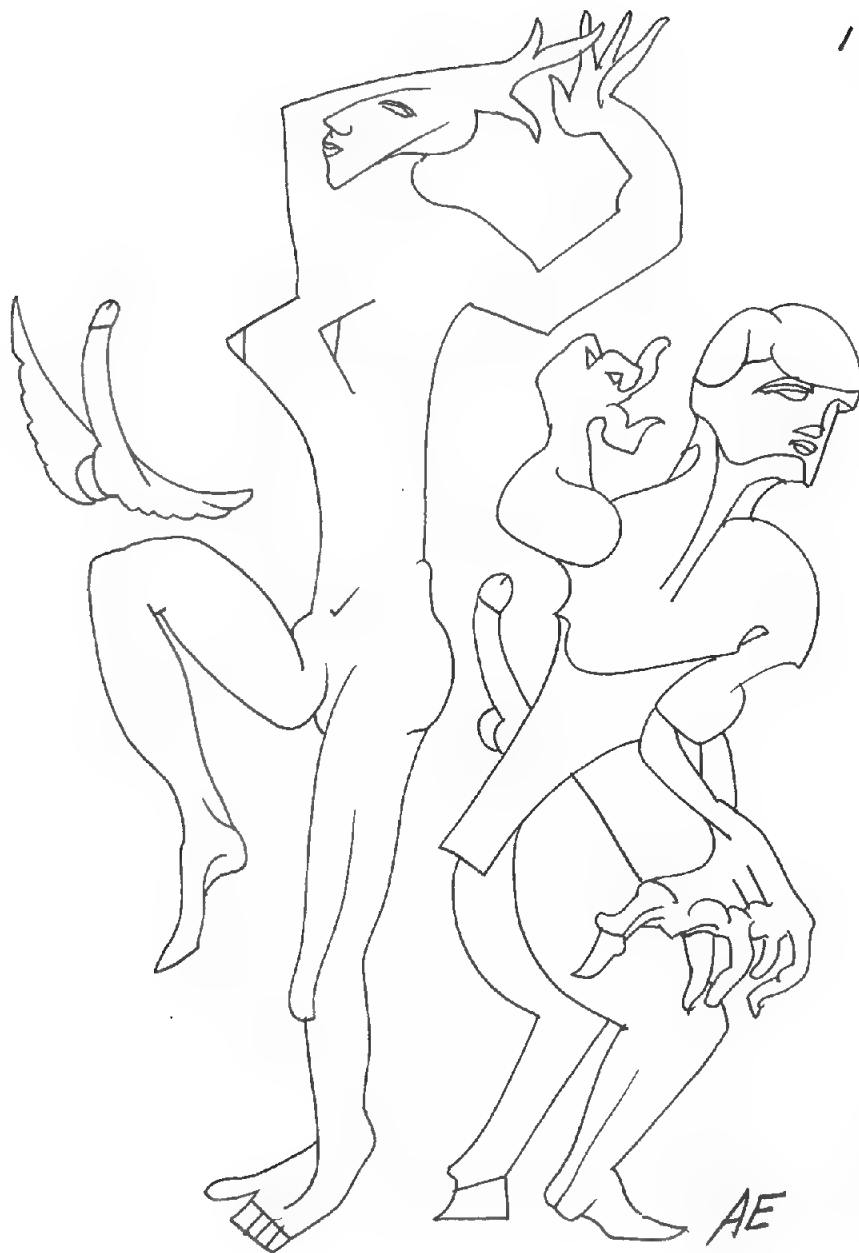
15-9-78 15,

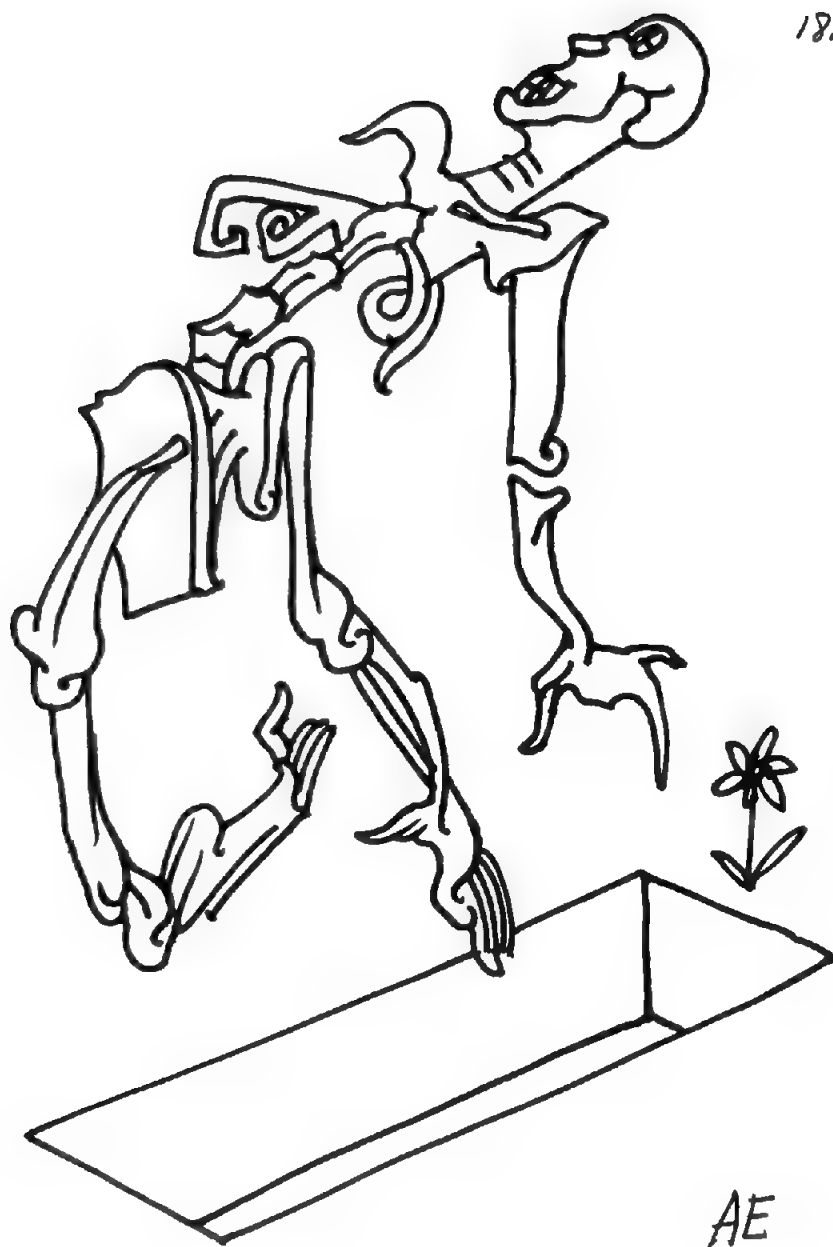
My Lords and Ladies! The Strange course that Follows Humility in me is too much, now, an Objective State generating Ego in the Air I move Through to ever abandon me. Say it as you Lust, but Two worlds waging ever, only, in the Mean'while intermittancy of Pilgrims bulking In the Dragon's Time are daringly & wearily At a near Loss in the Struggle to exchange the Null of Emptiness that's come between them For the sudden Incommensurate of what is in The Void. I cannot keep The Underlings Down Any Longer. Nor even in a Pinch can I be Loyal To The Father while He is mingled with them. Take Pollution. How can it be if what we know of the Material Body is True! That it is Bound-Less; and Self-sufficiently Devouring, therefore? And Purity - take it, "If I were Pure I should Never have Known Thee!" And take Doubters who are Dead until they are Revealed - for to play at Death with this increasing Vengeance is what Generates The Winds of Desolation. "Would TO God that all The Lord's People were Prophets!" And They are; insofar as I am an Indifferent Prophet - insofar as no sooner than Immediately I Am Out-spoken and Without the Loss of Ears that Bode in what they Heard - and insofar as The Grandiose Determinant Bent on Self-Annihilation includes me

AE FIRST!



17.



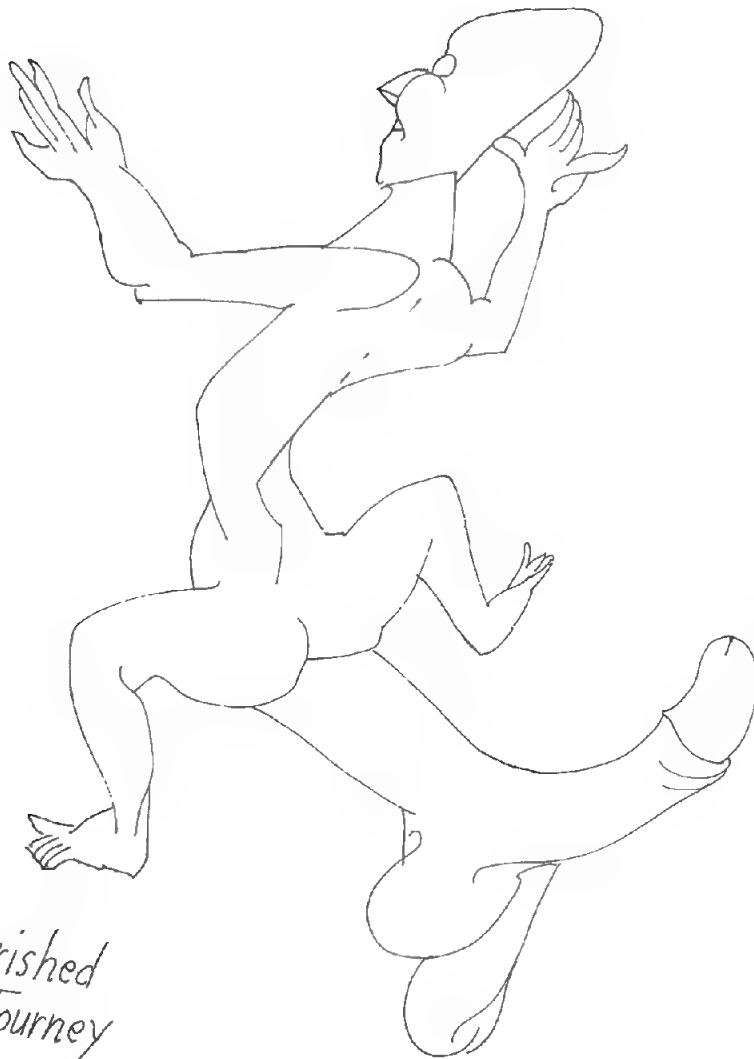


13-9-78

19.

Where you find it, take your Bliss, O MAN,  
 For as it's said, your Fate is but a prolongation  
 Stemming on the Tide of Individual Inconsequence.  
 In Length the terrible ogle, the piercing Eyes  
 of the Howl. In Breadth the Rumour spent  
 of Loving-Kindness, less everlasting than its  
 Disavowal. In Height the Wireless of Soft  
 Skulls powerless to pick-up signals on the pin-  
 Head pricks of Dissipated Thought un-loading  
 Twilight in Volcanic Angels. And teeming in  
 Abeyance, all the agitations of my Body crawled  
 Upon the footless Swarm of one-another. The  
 Dial Needle stirred: click, click. An audacious  
 Whisper cranked, pandemic as the Brain,  
 Around the Roving Pivot in the Sand. And I  
 Was Afraid. The Silence of England had come  
 Upon me. I was Ripe for the Grave. I walked  
 A Measure, fearing both the Mundane and the  
 Royal Cubit of the Lord - for a Man is to be  
 Known by his fruits. I Knew the Smell: that  
 Awe is its own answering Intelligence. I know  
 It well; the vagueness goes, Thundering and  
 Thundering the Anchor fell; the Chain came through  
 The Star-board hawse hole. We are Here. And  
 Here we are. for mercy's sake. Man is over-Ripe;  
 And de-composing in the Grave. We sink in the  
 Sought-for End of Human CORRUPTION. AE

20.



*Cherished  
Journey*

*A/EthelRed*

'Lusty Life, as frail as Flowers.'  
 "The Moon like a flower..." "To Create a Little Flower  
 is the Labour of Ages." W.B.

21.



11. The busy bee  
 has no  
 time for  
 sorrow.



Aethelred

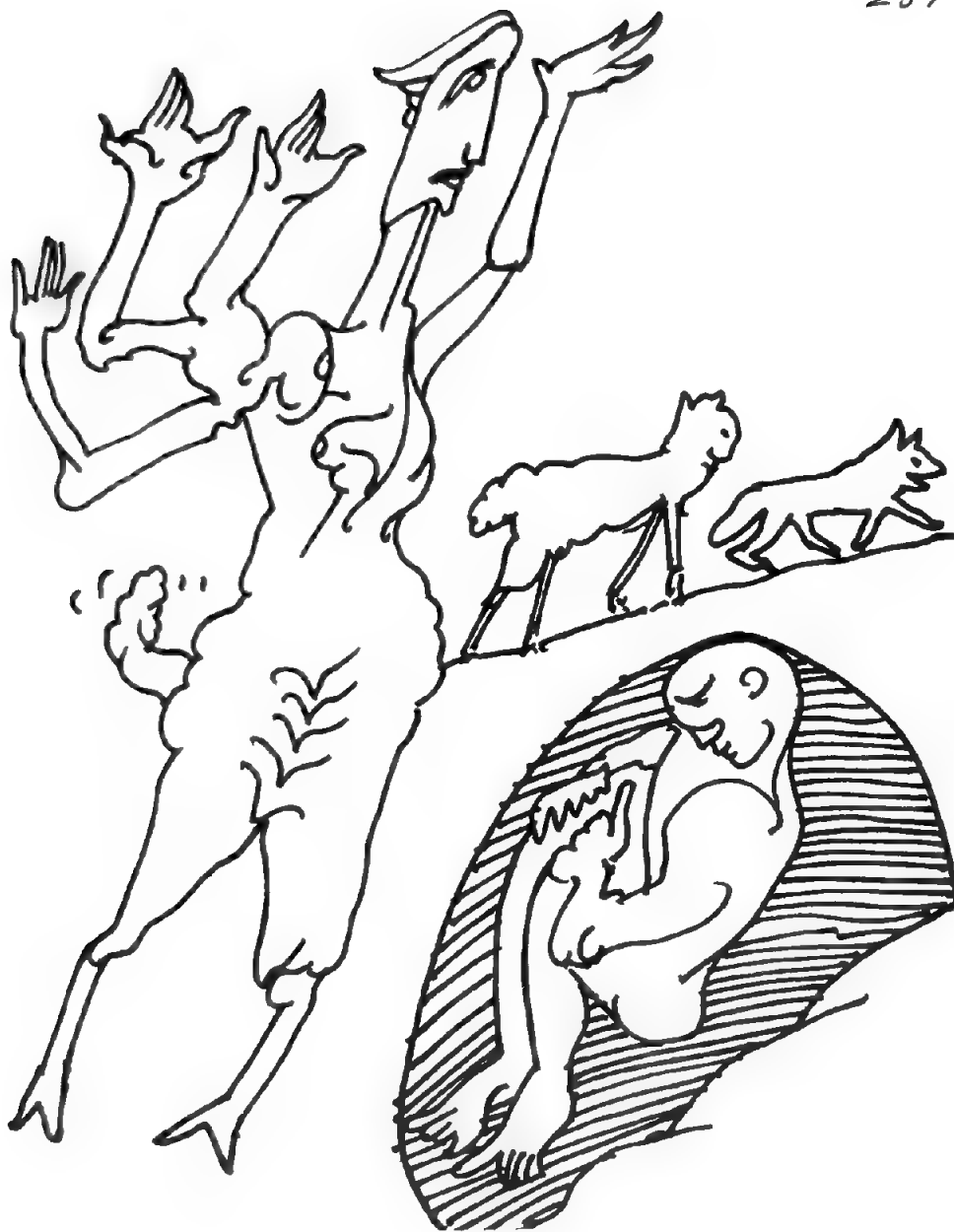


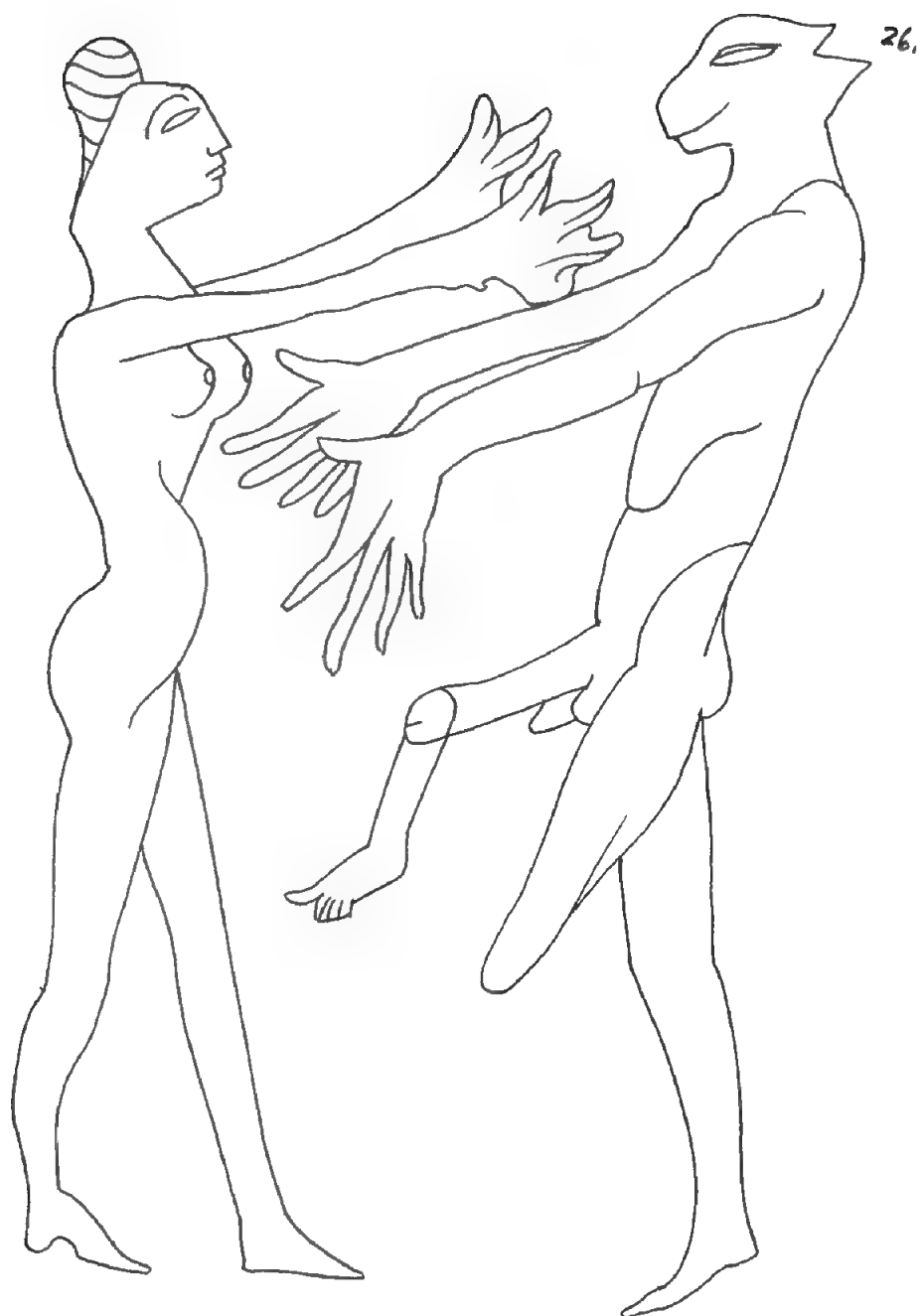
16-9-78 23.

A Tale of Dedication. The Camel through the  
Needle's Eye is not a Trick if at the Point  
of Vanishment the Photo-genes, The grains gone  
Sandy, Rise in waste and magnify the bursting  
Bladders of the Fishing-fore. Ellipsis. And  
From the Moon, the Water-Burden gone the Way  
of all Hypotheses, one and more of US will  
Take the trouble to look Back, and from  
A shouldered Angle will Behold a fiercely  
Spun-out Globe of Earth heading for  
Remoteness in the Heart of Our Desire —  
And Unapproachable Forever. And The Tiger  
In the Forest Night of Stars who throw  
Their Spears through Frenzy finalized with  
Dread Refusals to Up-hold the Symmetry of Fear —  
What Shall the Tiger's prowling Dedication Bring  
Him to? To Green and Purple past the Bars that  
Maze his Forehead — This I've said — but why  
Does Science call it atmospherically a "Sewer  
In the Sky" when Their job is not to See the  
Ancient Shores of Albion so clearly, but to  
Be Sardonic? They, too, are dedicated to  
Speak-fishing in the Night and slipping 'twixt the  
the Bars where Carbon & Dioxide doth Effect a Vegetal  
And Sexual Release. AE



25,





"I Touch the Heavens (27) as an Instrument 27.  
to Glorify The Lord!" WB



*At the Red*



Green Smoke : and the Works, complete,  
 Of cooler muslin sheets. The Door  
 Was ajar; slightly courageous was my  
 Present scheme . I am glad to say, though  
 Thwarted in the End, that never a better Witness,  
 While it lasted, did my Feeling for Her little hand move  
 Privy to. And Thinking on His back-biting Laughter,  
 Never was a mere blood-familiar Witness Scraped  
 More to the Bone. They made no effort to rise, but  
 Stopped short in mid-mouth, nearly full with Cake.  
 With my suspicions awakened, I was mistaken for  
 A fearless Phantom ; and joined the Army.

29.



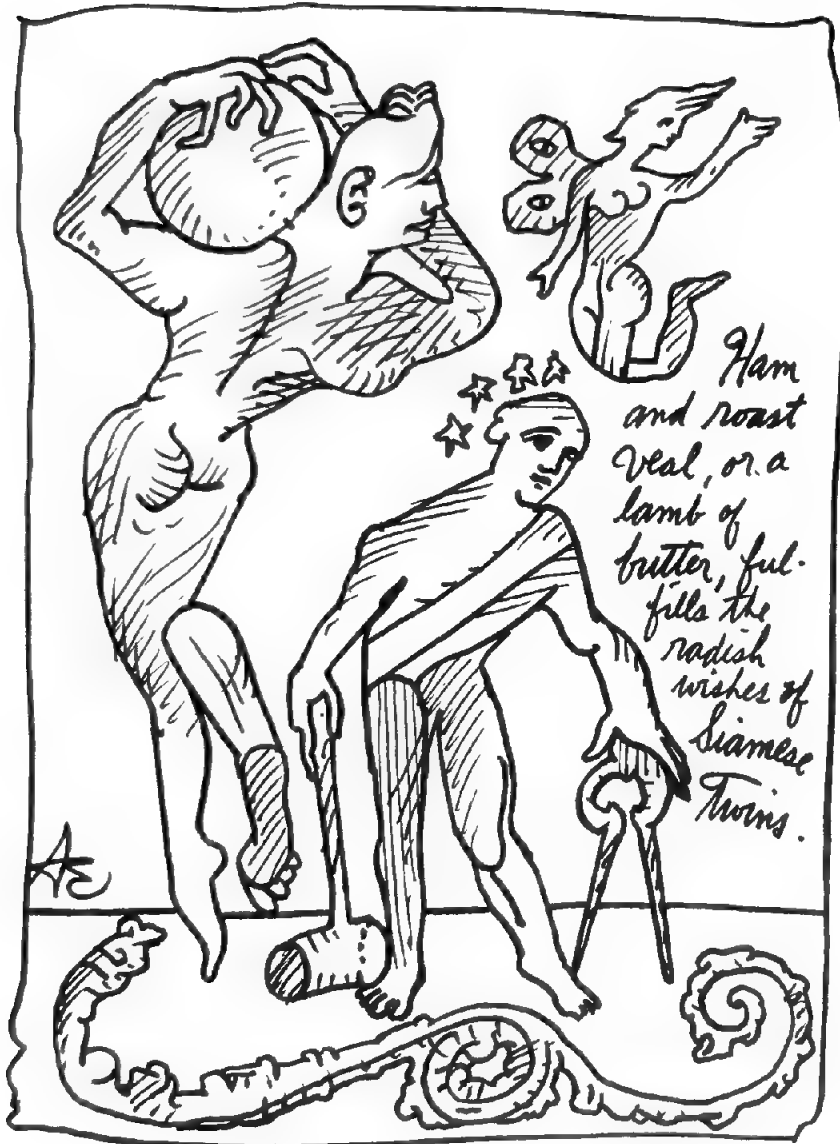


30.

The Most  
Unique  
Talent

Aethelred



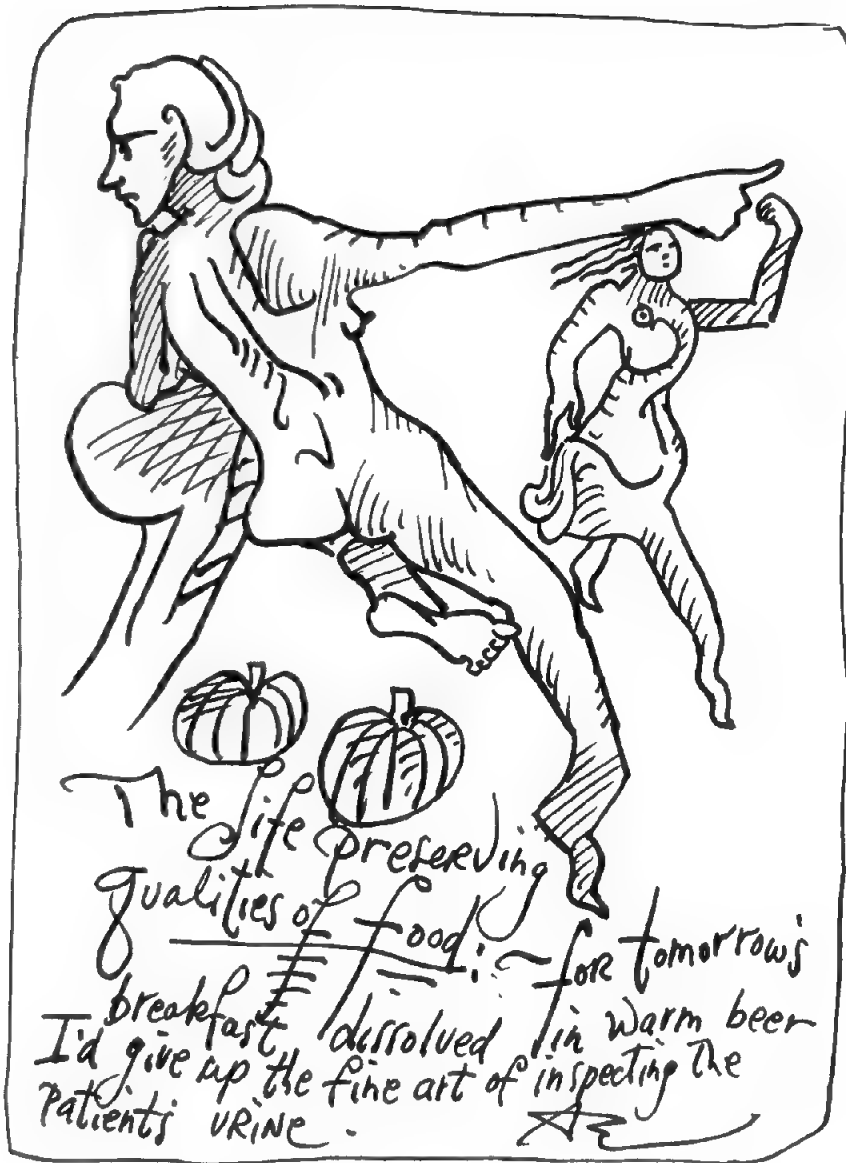


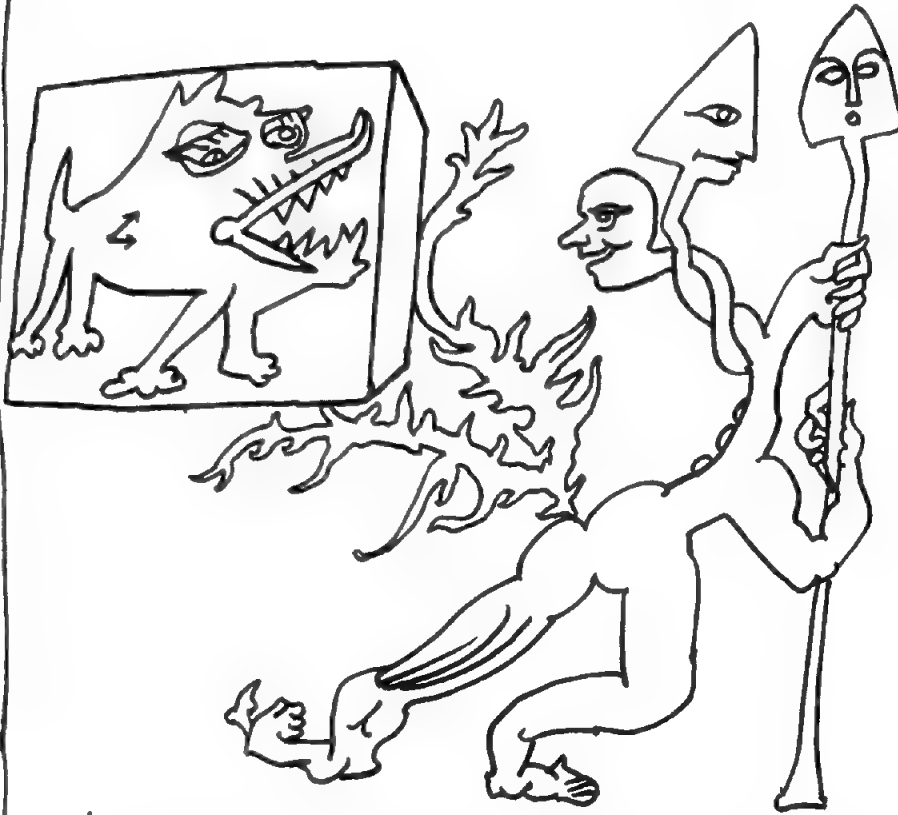
In a Low room where I sit  
 I had eaten seven Loaves in Manuscript.  
 And I Thought on the shining Hawk  
 Which risest to heaven. That small  
 Portion of my Body  
 I rendered fit  
 For passage  
 through my  
 Nostrils.



And  
 As though  
 The promise  
 Come-to-pass of raging Artichokes  
 Had, indeed, arrived, I darted up upon  
 A Dill Seed. At precisely that height  
 I spied the Bakers of York working  
 Cakes for my Breakfast.

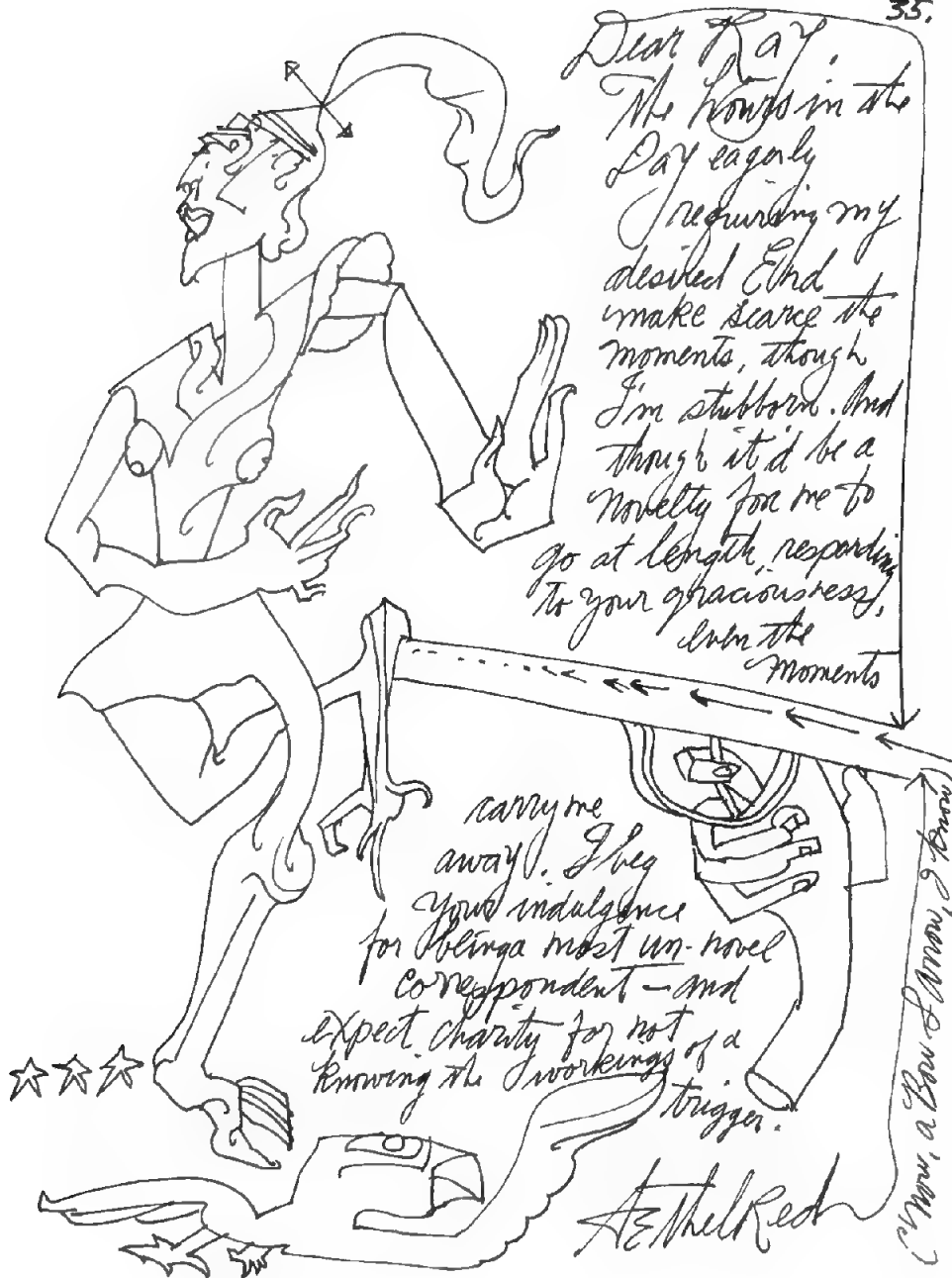
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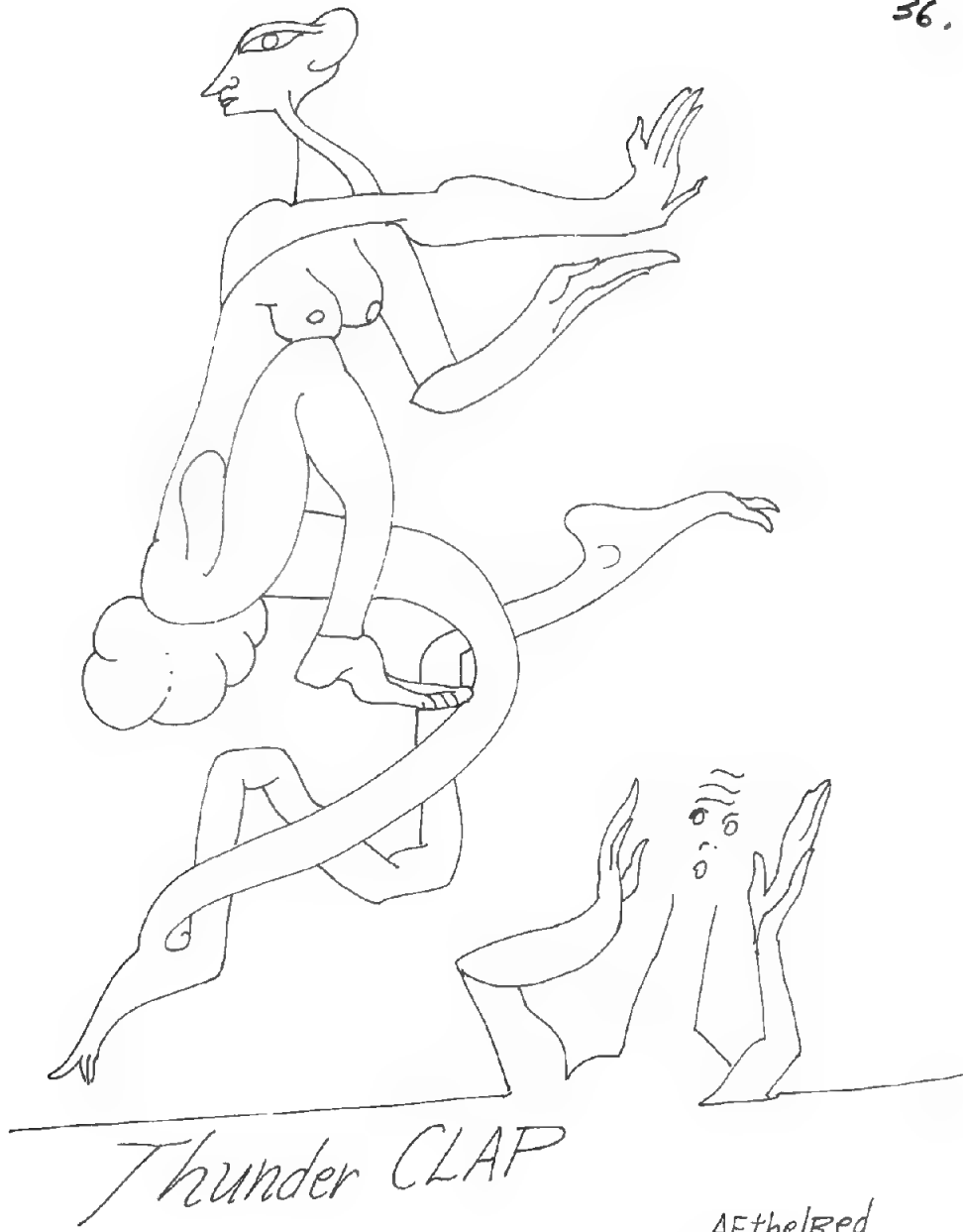


As when the Thunder Bolt Down falleth  
on the Appointed Place

Golgonooza  
at the Fort of Mount Nebo  
in Ohio



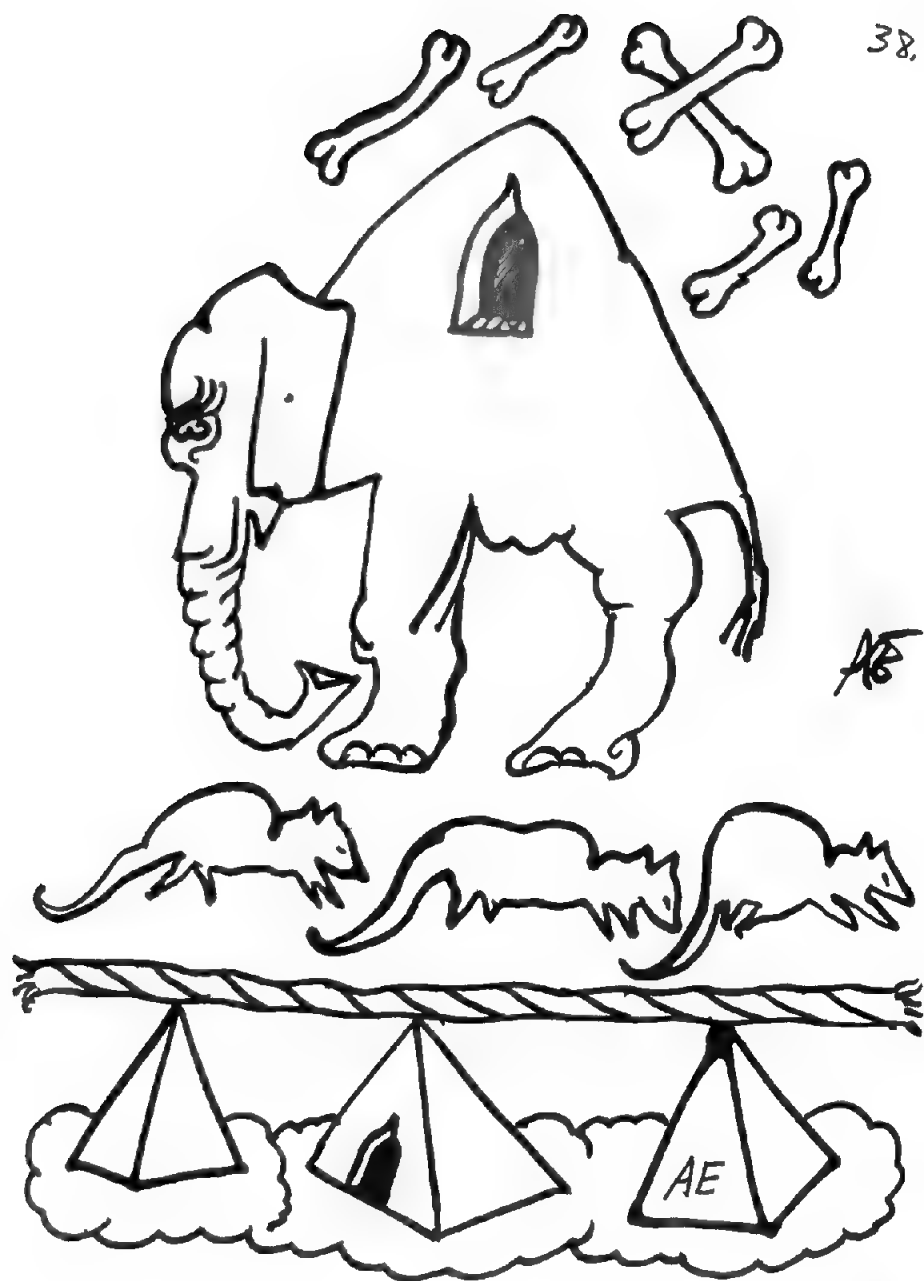
36.



16-9-78

37.

I Teach - and never will I Learn. I Teach the People. I Teach the People What? I Teach the People in The Temple! And if I sometimes SAY - To No one in Particular that 'I have Ignorance To Teach' - well, it lies within the Hearing Fault that People, 'mongst themselves, will never Single-Out, as worthy, blameless Ignorance. And I Preach, preaching wherever I go - for this Doesn't require The precinct of The Immediate Temple. The Everlasting Gospel, which is The Kingdom of my Preachment, is a King and Land returning to Subjection where, in Never knowing where One's going, The World is an Alien Place. I can fitfully say That I Am never out of context - and increasingly so, As The Dis-continuous Alarm System fails with A Frequency beyond Belief to go-off! "Take It on Home!" - he says in the Song. Spend, alone Won't do it. My Friend Speed is The Learning Process, I Teach - and so should You! - That The Kingdom Come is as old hat as a Soft Shoe. Never will I say that 'Something's in The Air'. It's a lie not to Point IT out! And if the Punishment's meant to fit the Crime as I espouse IT, then Surely, not ONE stone left upon Another will come upon The People Gathered in The Temple! AE

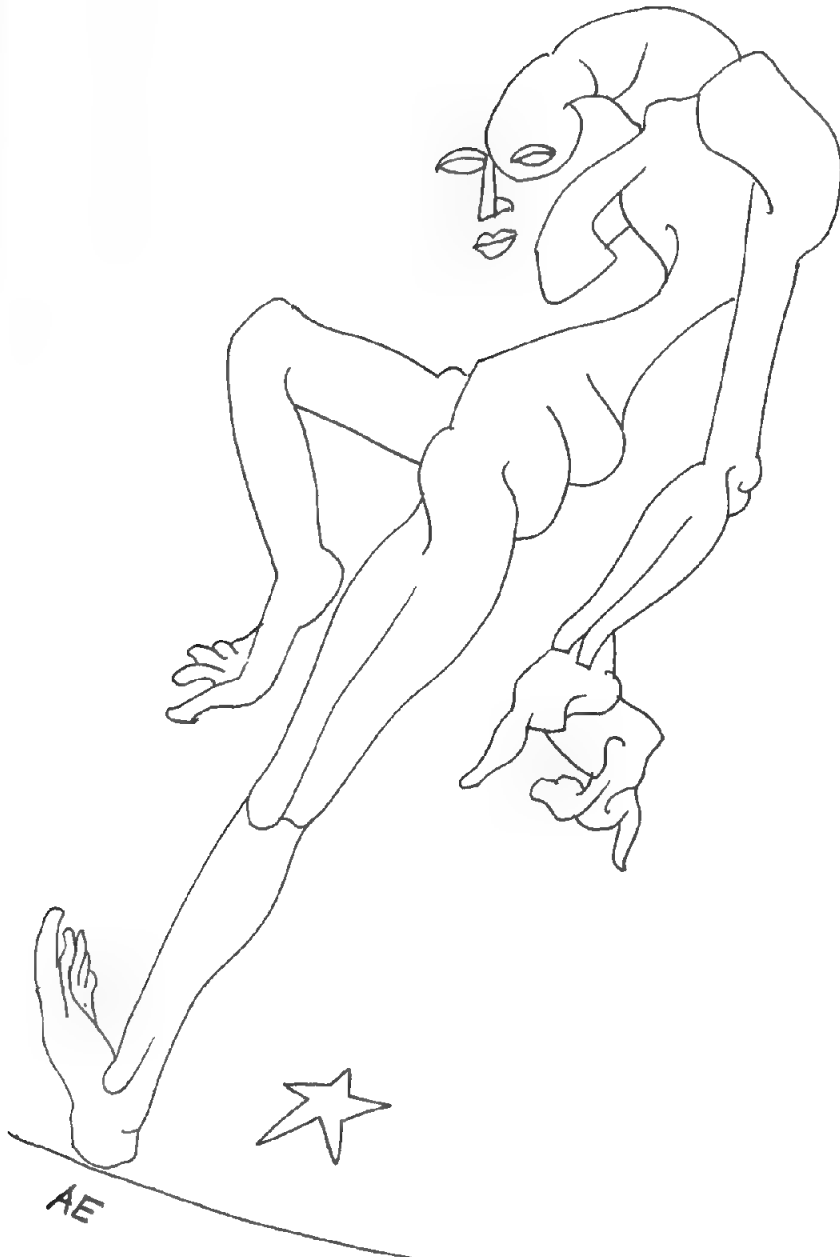




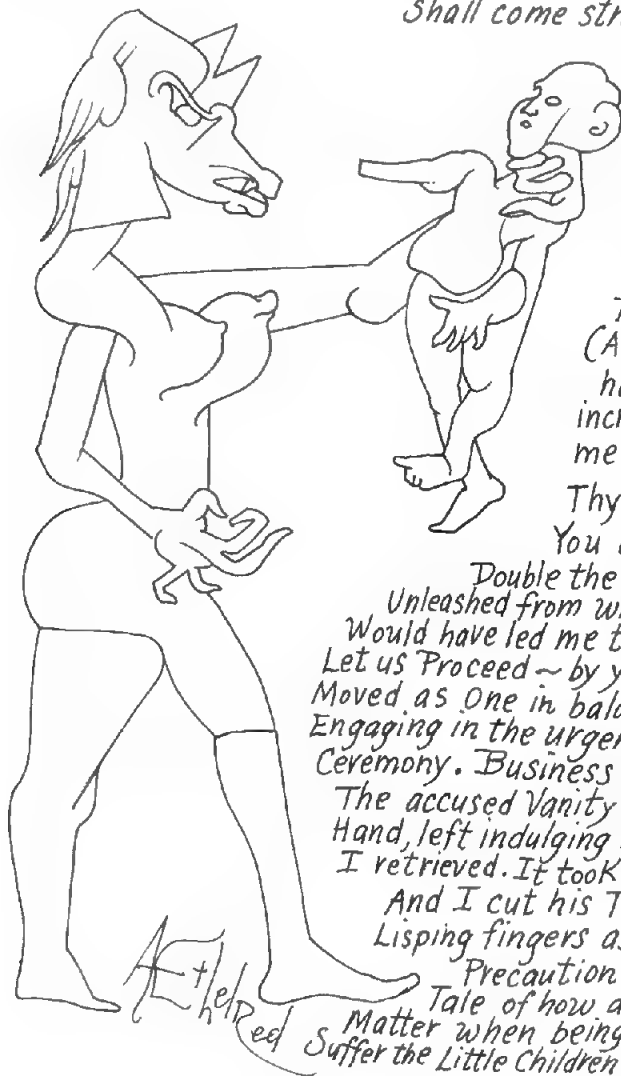




41.



I was Made to give evidence. I was made for looting 42.  
 And for thirsting. I was made to Live upon a Face emerging  
 From a quick meal at the Beggar's Gate. I was suspended  
 In a Mouth made clean and tidied-up behind the Daughter  
 Of a Swallow. I was Made Alive.



Flesh and Bone calamity  
 Shall come stretching its Hands  
 in Adoration.

Hail Thou!  
 Great Companion  
 of the Gods!  
 shouted I  
 making amends  
 for my Hostility.  
 (A Beggar's Life  
 holds Judgment back  
 increasingly as older  
 men slip in Abeyance.)  
 Thy Form is Majestic!  
 You are Rich! You are

Double the Beauty my Doubts,  
 Unleashed from what I've heard,  
 Would have led me to Believe you were!  
 Let us Proceed ~ by your Leave. We  
 Moved as One in balanced, bold accord  
 Engaging in the urgent Whispers of the  
 Ceremony. Business was never so Good.  
 The accused Vanity of my last grasping  
 Hand, left indulging in the Lurch,  
 I retrieved. It took a Moment's Panic.  
 And I cut his Throat. And took his  
 Lispng fingers as an unaccountable  
 Precaution. I Live to tell the  
 Tale of how a Knife is a serious  
 Matter when being led by the Hand.  
 Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me.

9.4.78

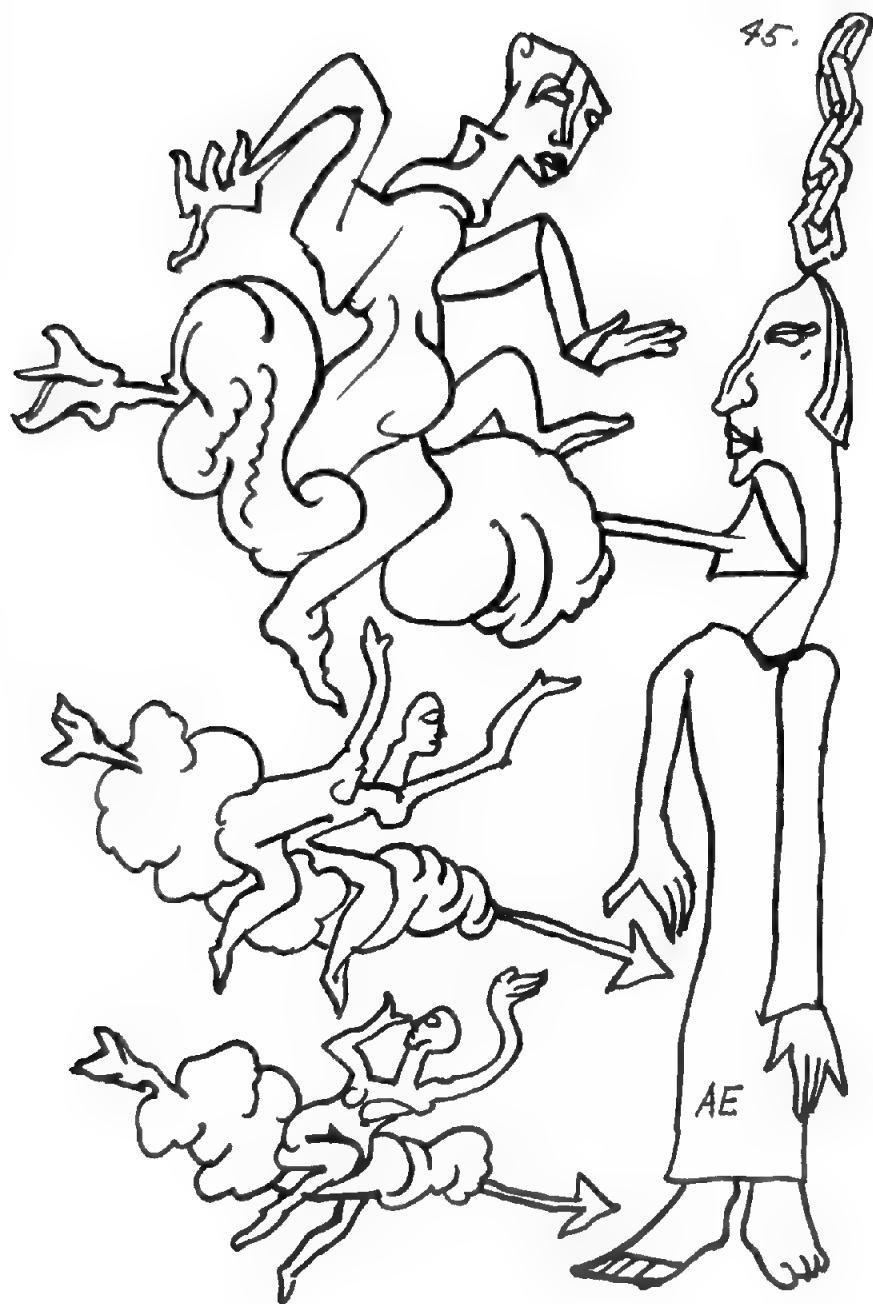
43.

If he did succeed - BLAKE - in making a  
 System fugitive beyond the other Man's  
 Belief - if another Thames and other  
 Hills and yet another England in a pea-green  
 Open boat far-fetching others lands upon  
 Jerusalem's new threshing floor - if I  
 for One, take up the flail and foolishly  
 Deliver power from the harnack of Sweetness  
 where the hip is socketed - then, where  
 Is the Hypothesis? One Man has always  
 Done it Within the Burening Tent the  
 Whole Cloth Remnant can't remain when  
 Foolishly, at last, the least-wise scrap of  
 yielding to the Vision takes and makes  
 of principalities a One Man game.  
 Sufficiency in Re-assembling out of Self-  
 Annihilation is the Final Cheat. The  
 Prince of ALBION Burns rightly. It's  
 more than Mind-blown where it's  
 coming from - This ghosted pasture  
 Greeking-up in Self-Annihilation. AE

Mock Turtle

44.





Aren't I Really Worth  
More than This?

46.

A Bit of  
TRUTH

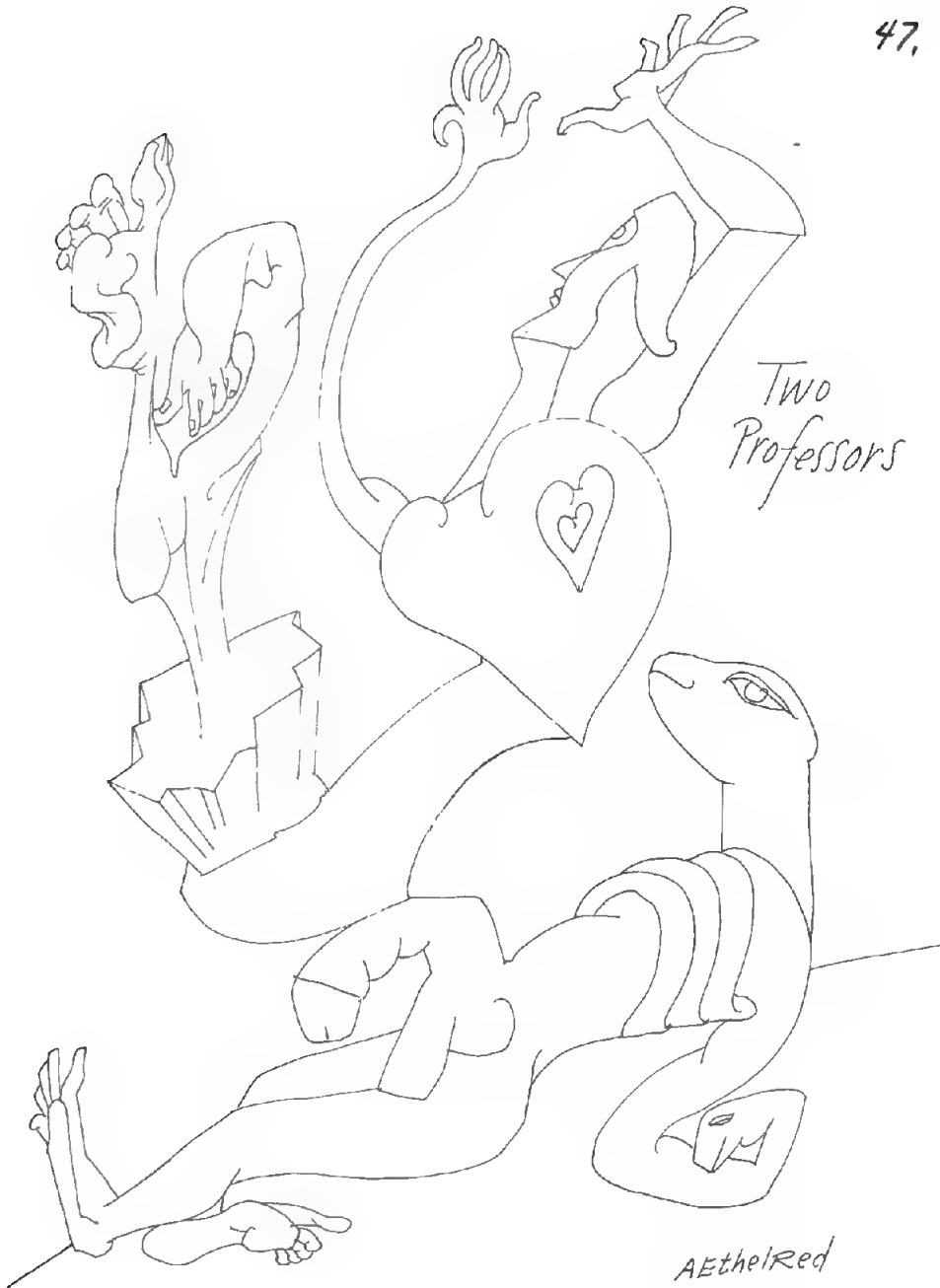


Aethe/Red



47.

Two  
Professors



Dutch TREAT

48.



AethelRed

9-4-78 49.  
The Very Magnification - though it magnifies  
Flaws - appeals to the myriad pores  
sucking out the Mirror of Super Nova  
Legions become as high-strung as the  
Tight-flesh, flimsy, fixed performance  
Deviling-out in inter-stellar length,  
Out-crying on the Highways. And it is true  
That: "Everything That Lives is Holy"  
And equally pontifical is Hell on Earth  
- That wouldn't be caught dead with Holiness  
in its Maw. They've introduced  
The Worm into The Black Hole and have  
gotten Worm Holes. The Fitful Return.  
The Fissile, meaning to the Rock Eternal,  
what is Cleavable, Sends ship-loads out of  
Roots beside themselves in saxifrageous  
Tendencies implanted where the grown Sassatras  
Is hewn. And Sly-boots in the broken fecal  
Wind are quietly afoot a-cutting mustard.  
The Seed of But a Single Eye is sputtering.  
The Word, the Gnosis and the Logos is as simple  
As the sound omnisciently a FIZZLE. AE



51.



The War in the  
SKY  
Dropping

AEthelRed

*Hallelujah Chorus*

52.



Greensward Peeps  
 In the fitting season had arrived.  
 My post-coital inquiries  
 Had it placed at 4 o'clock  
 When the first Reporter  
 In the Village Sounded  
 The Alarm. We were  
 Rathered satisfied  
 That nothing much had  
 Changed. That Time's Sweet  
 Blessing, here Today, agreed  
 To fresh straw on our Terms.  
 And we gathered for  
 Discussion. The Second  
 Reporter arrived bellowing:  
 Love Me! Love Me!  
 And we speedily perceived  
 That He, lost soul, had  
 Searching gone in the  
 Wrong direction. Rarely  
 Before, in our midst, had he  
 Opened his mouth. And now  
 At daybreak, with a lantern yet  
 In his hand; and he insisting  
 The Greensward hadn't Peeped! —  
 Can we be blamed, entrusting our  
 Ear to Silence? He leapt a  
 Hedgerow; and disappeared.

(There is a proper ending to this Tale.  
 Once, on a pre-coital Fling, I happened  
 To catch-up to him. There's no telling  
 where it mightn't have ended hadn't  
 We stopped for a game of Marbles  
 In the Ring.)



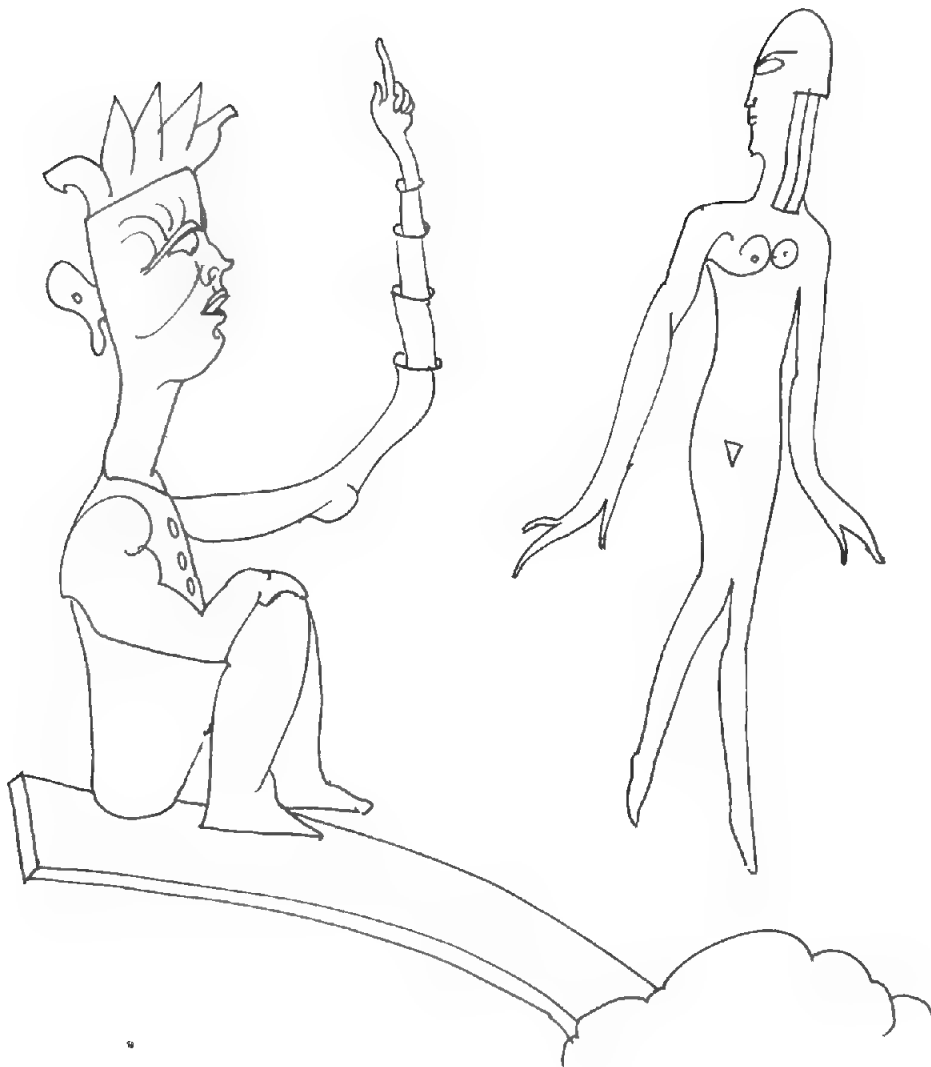
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54.

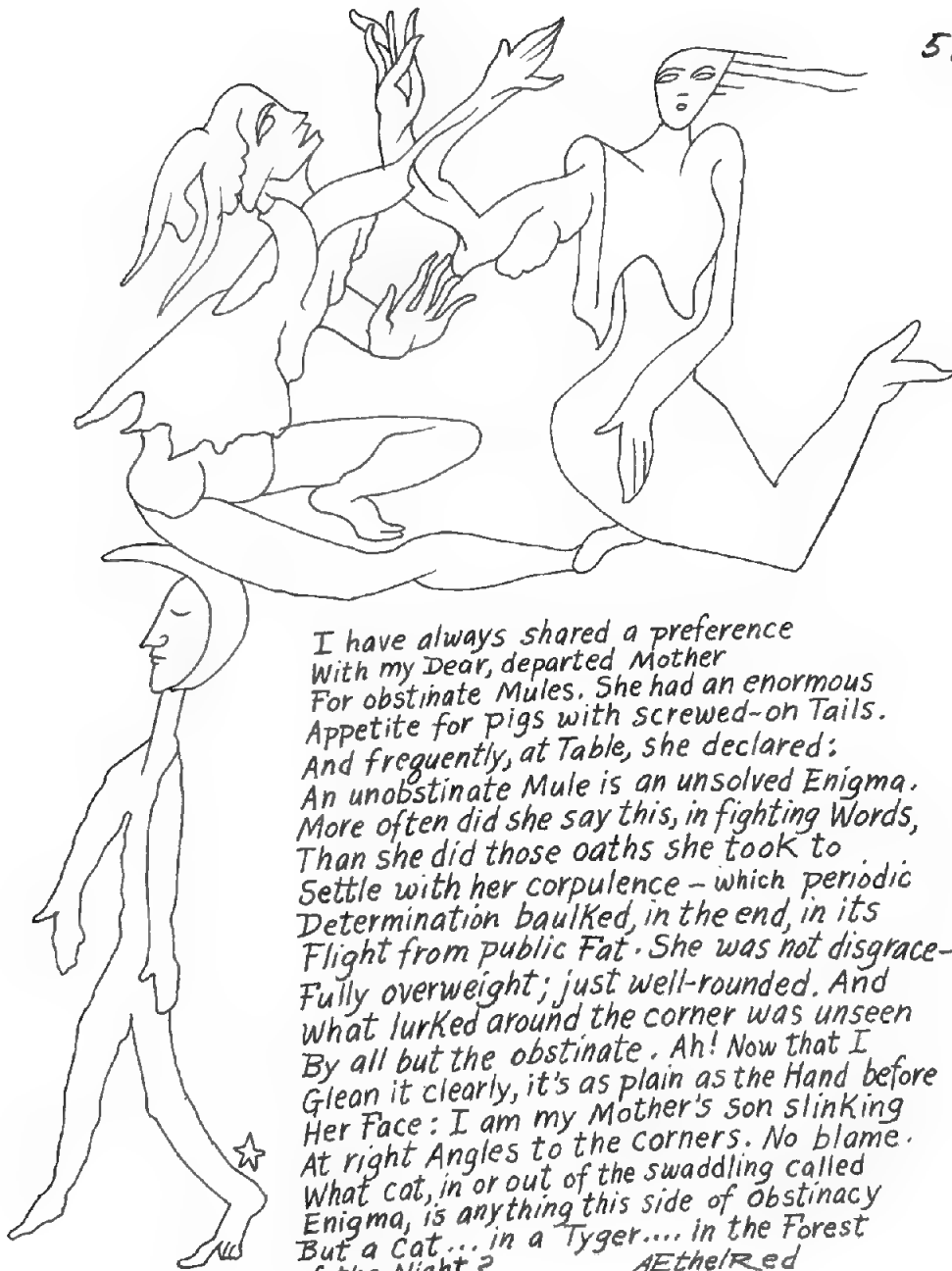
PRAYER: The Sudden. The Out-CRY. O Hell's  
Damnation! Take it All! The manufactured  
Head uttering words in a completely known  
Tongue. Spirits come Not in Size and Shape.  
They come in Natures. And the Blue beneath  
And turning Flame of Beulah turns the  
Institution of The Bridegroom left out in  
the cold into the tempting merger of the  
Marriage. And the Shadow chastened by  
Its Substance trembles, being both pro-  
vocative and Empty-handed in its lure.  
Gaud the gaudy. Gaud me a bait. Send me  
to be fair of tawdries. A bit of Flim,  
Some Filmy stuff. And stuff me up with  
Cotton for a blessed buoyancy and sickly,  
Candied Saturation come the Curse!  
In America, She is Hidden-Jerusalem!  
The soft Skull is powerless in the length  
And breadth of the Howl buried in this  
Land! The Flinty Soul, The coruscated Skull  
And cross-bones marking the Device of  
'Where It's At' indites Ohio, South by East,  
Sub-sexual in Golgonooza. Thunderdoth Divulge  
AE





56.





I have always shared a preference  
 With my Dear, departed Mother  
 For obstinate Mules. She had an enormous  
 Appetite for pigs with screwed-on Tails.  
 And frequently, at Table, she declared:  
 An unobstinate Mule is an unsolved Enigma.  
 More often did she say this, in fighting Words,  
 Than she did those oaths she took to  
 Settle with her corpulence - which periodic  
 Determination baulked, in the end, in its  
 Flight from public Fat. She was not disgrace-  
 Fully overweight; just well-rounded. And  
 What lurked around the corner was unseen  
 By all but the obstinate. Ah! Now that I  
 Glean it clearly, it's as plain as the Hand before  
 Her Face: I am my Mother's son slinking  
 At right Angles to the corners. No blame.  
 What cat, in or out of the swaddling called  
 Enigma, is anything this side of obstinacy  
 But a Cat... in a Tyger... in the Forest  
 of the Night?

AEthelRed



4-9-78 59.  
She who must by Mother's Right, be  
Given Credibility, contrived a cavity in  
Emulation of the Egg-shaped World of Time  
And seized upon the Womb-Idea, And She  
Returning from the venture of Her pre-  
possessing Son's Dis-placement Centered-  
Down again. A Daughter issues calling-  
Forth a Son. A New World is at Hand.  
Material can make its own. And Time  
Is minimal. And Spaciousness, capacity,  
Contents itself with the contractile version  
of manufactured Seed - not altered, in the  
Least, in its propensity. And the Angelic  
Tendency of Seed is to explode. And The  
Explosive tendency of manufactory is to  
Yield a Harvest. A little flower is the Work  
of Ages. An Atom stretched is but an Out-Cry.  
A Ball of Wax is Generation - fuzzier than  
Hearing is. The Lamb of God is Unapproachable  
Forever. For the violence One who does it  
To the Womb is Unspeakable in the World  
Of Invention. Like flowers, Fools grow up. AE

A the Red

60.



CHANGE,  
ye pure discerners,  
is an Art more of the dream  
Than the art of coiling snakes  
Behind emasculated Masks.  
Change when it comes, as it must,  
Comes with the hot breath of laughing  
Resin on glassy Lakes of lasciviousness.  
Ah! Do you know the Nerves? The Nervous  
FIRST and Opened Body Last? Change awakened  
To the Nervous Form trembles throughout— alas,  
A riddle. But filth prowls thereabout. And hear this,  
Not Heard before in shells of Self-deposit: Appearances  
Arrive to gaze upon the Eye. And Resistance enters through  
The jungle of the Touch. And the only Record Kept is pushed  
Out through the Ear in fossil fuel, my Dear. And by the Nose  
The Key of rust snuffed-up is hid for our Return. Did I say  
I feel it in my bones that marrow spinning Nervous phasing  
For the rattling pail is 'feared of Moonlight lanes and cold  
And Bearded Bathing? I give you One Last Chance! Bread,  
White heads, the sunny corner in the tip of the Tongue are  
Clumsy but good enough for the teeth-chattering Winter Bed.  
Nor are red poppies perjuring the Lamb Spring dainty as the kneeling  
Camel.



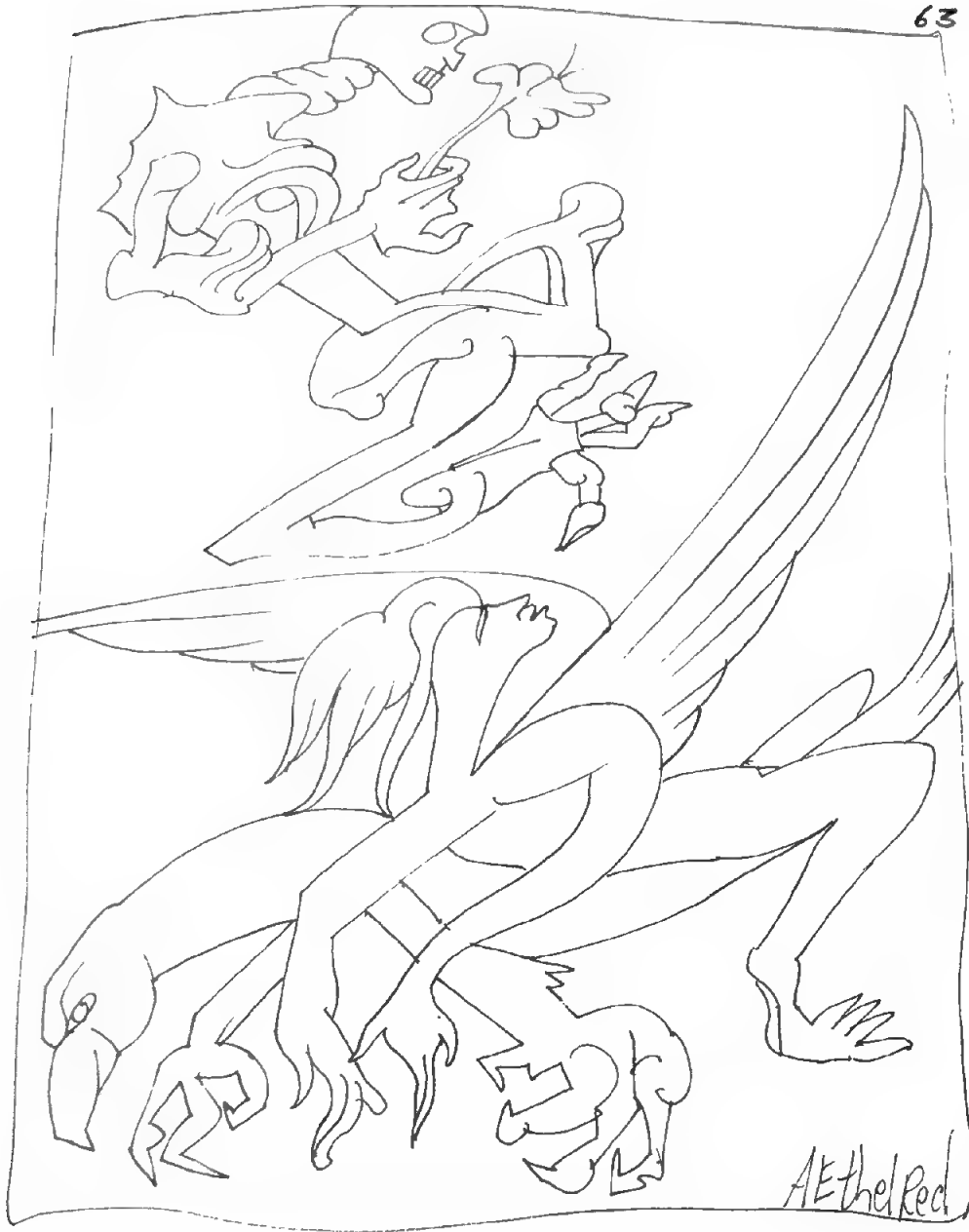
AE

*I have long wished, and through and through,  
That a Good Thing were Bolder  
Than a Bad Thing. That a  
Signal from the Universe  
Would come as simply  
As a Leaf emboldened  
To Fall. Or as a  
Pebble interrupting  
My Space Travel.*

*Today, with  
Nothing to Do,  
I have all the  
Ear-marks  
of an un-read  
Book. It is  
a Good Thing  
there is some  
Distance between  
Me and the Deep-  
Freeze in the  
Dogs  
at my Heels!*







Viviana, Viviana was the Jailer's  
 Daughter. Rain fell heavily  
 Upon her. Her Father drifting  
 On the short plunge of the  
 Downstream's Run was  
 Shrinking. Tortoises, though  
 Often immense, have a tenuous  
 Sense of Bedside Behaviour.  
 Be of Good Cheer, he said.  
 And put something away for  
 A Rainy day. The Jailer, in his  
 Formative years, had the  
 Posture and was Taken  
 For a self-employed Person.  
 She sucked her Lip.  
 And True to the Father's  
 Daughter broke what  
 Remained of Bread  
 Beneath their Roof.



65,



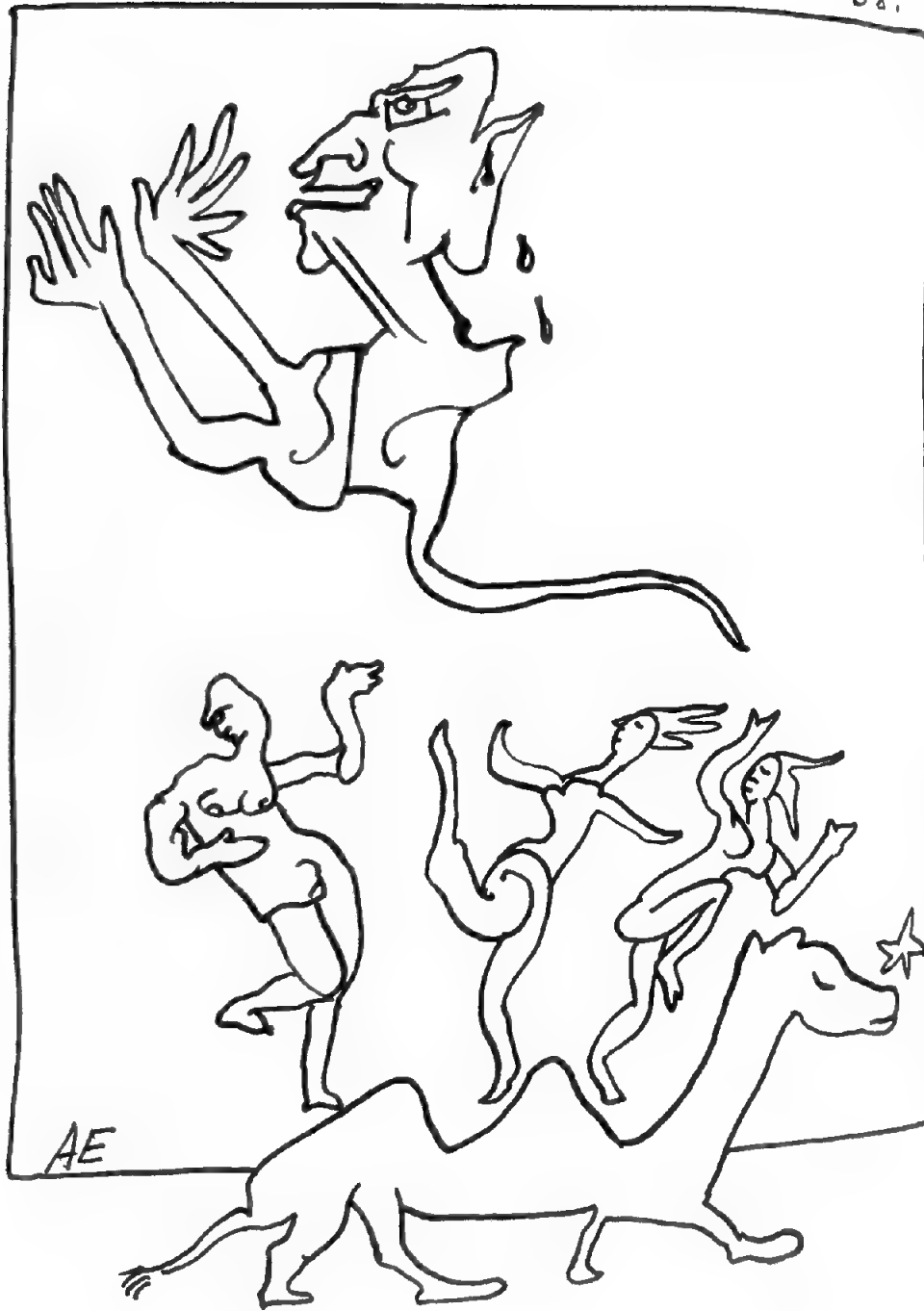
66.  
 What is sleazier in the Long Run than transferring a Body  
 From yard to yard, imposing its Wonder on a hundred sleeping  
 Pounds of Figs, under cover of hard-boiling night without even  
 The impetus of grisly Death to hasten the expense of Flight?  
 Birds, being permitted their passing community, head South  
 Freely, or make Northerly expeditions on schedule. Lemmings,  
 Always a pestilence, with fang and claw against the Law  
 of Reason, enjoy the advantage of reckless capitulation—  
 Never to be exhumed Individually. I find it hard to accept  
 That Criminal offenses are filled with  
 Empty plots; and that the Risen Saviour  
 Has fled South, gay as a mindless  
 Bird. He Died: and  
 Stayed-put.  
 A Marvel  
 to gnaw  
 upon.



*A the Red*

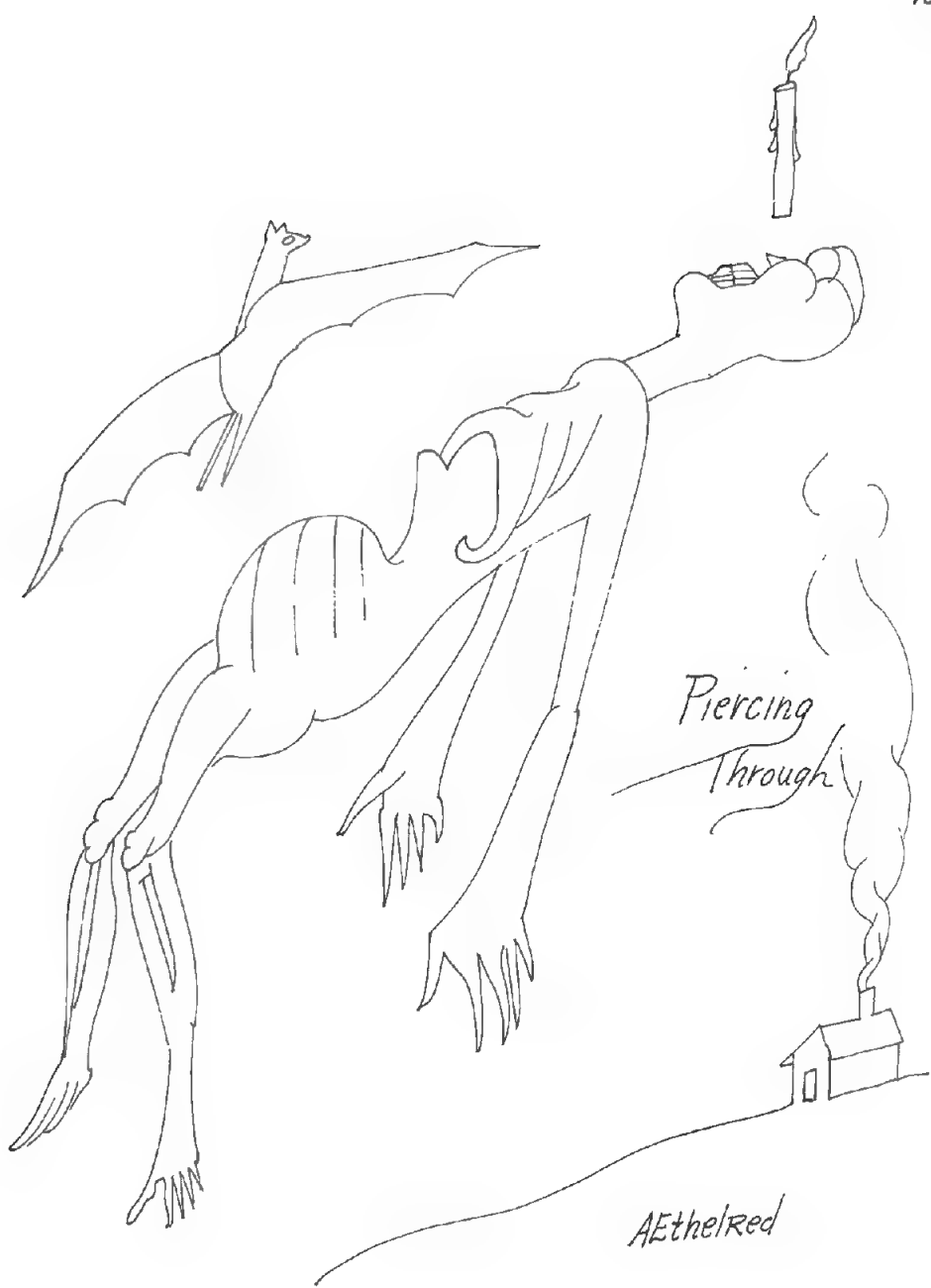
8-9-78 67.

Again. The State of the Art — my Lord!  
Has there been Anything — ever — but States,  
and the 'How' of getting through them? But  
The States Remain, Though The Traveller passes.  
On. He is the Artist. And the Con-men  
pile-up behind him. And The Artist comes  
Again, eluding his Art — which turns-out  
to be the Making of Con-men. It is a  
Solid State at The End. And The Artist, like  
Jesus is all but Trans-substantiated. It is funny  
In his Mouth — This Word — a veritable Remon-  
strance of where He's come and gone. But  
Funny, or not, let it be said for the Sake of  
The Moon that only One Man in The World  
Can have it Both Ways — which is His  
Beauty, which is His Art. He is The Founder  
of Art long — foretold before the Caves.  
He is The Rejecta-menta of the Stone. He is  
The Artist of The City — and the Vehicle of The  
portable Easel; and Mural of immurement;  
of the Vallation circumscribing Jerusalem —  
of the Angelic twist of Camp David — of Psalms  
Unsound predicated on the Sleep of ALBION —  
of Golgotha where The Jesus Art of Self-Annihilation  
IS PERFORMED. AE.



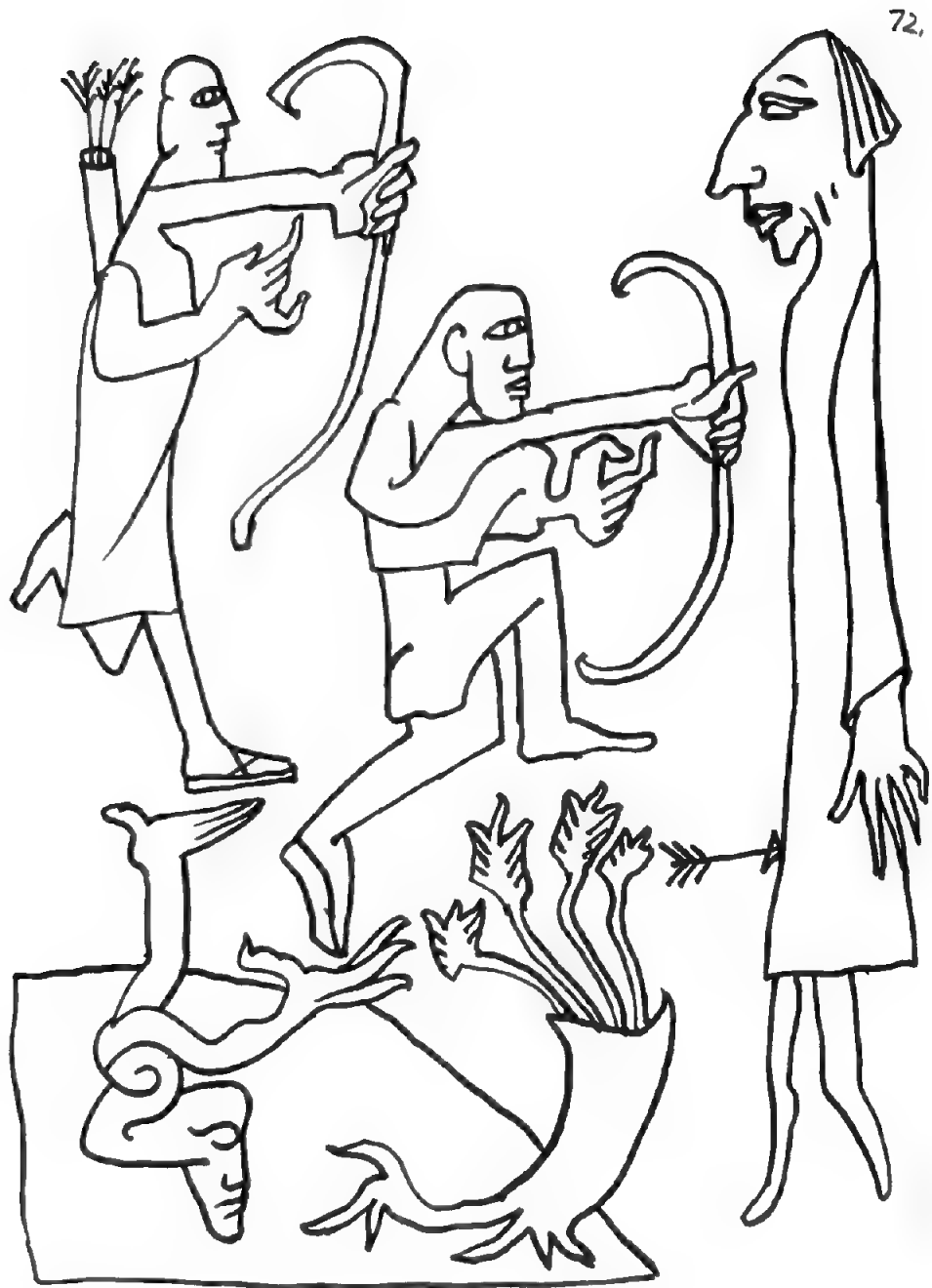
There is nothing more Victorious than Lording it while Yielding 69,  
 It while rolling it upon your Tongue. As an example, take  
 A brown of face and brawny man and turn him yellow. Put him  
 On his knees. Compel him to choose between his Belly and  
 A Fleecing. Be certain, he will Elect his Belly; and hobble out  
 To join the Flock. You, with a Fleece  
 On your hands, will be left with  
 A Glimpse of what it was all about-  
 The Offering of a Choice. He,  
 White now, and at his ease,  
 Has built a solid little edifice  
 Which, when you protest its  
 Too familiar proximity, He  
 Only has to trim the Fat  
 From. There is a long  
 and short  
 Moral  
 in  
 Masonry.







1. 6-9-78 71.  
A Baptism. The New Baptism. A DRY-Run  
Baptism. To the Dead Sea where it runs, the  
Jordan and all Riverine Horses empty,  
Sprinkling Holy Water on the lounging  
Knaves & discussing Cream of Tartar in a Tub.  
From water into Wine the Lees Remain.  
From blandishments of Doves the Dike, hand-  
written on the Wall, grows crusty, sinking into  
Ballast. Bells beneath the High Seas Ring.  
Sandals without thongs are fitful foot gear.  
The path He trod is watery. High Piracy in  
Jesus seeks His Level. And like water with  
A mind of its own the Dead Level laves  
About the Dusty Cross-Bones. There is no  
Doubt that Circumstantially the Dead-er  
Goes De Sea the Closer comes the Center  
To the Heavy Water Prick beneath the  
Upper Firmament, The Skull unleashing  
In the protean Oxygen a double serving of  
The Atom Hydrogen has had its Day  
Diluvian, except for One; when from The  
Tiresome, long-standing Death of watery stuff  
The whole of ALL Genetics Trips a Hair shirt made of  
FIRE. AE



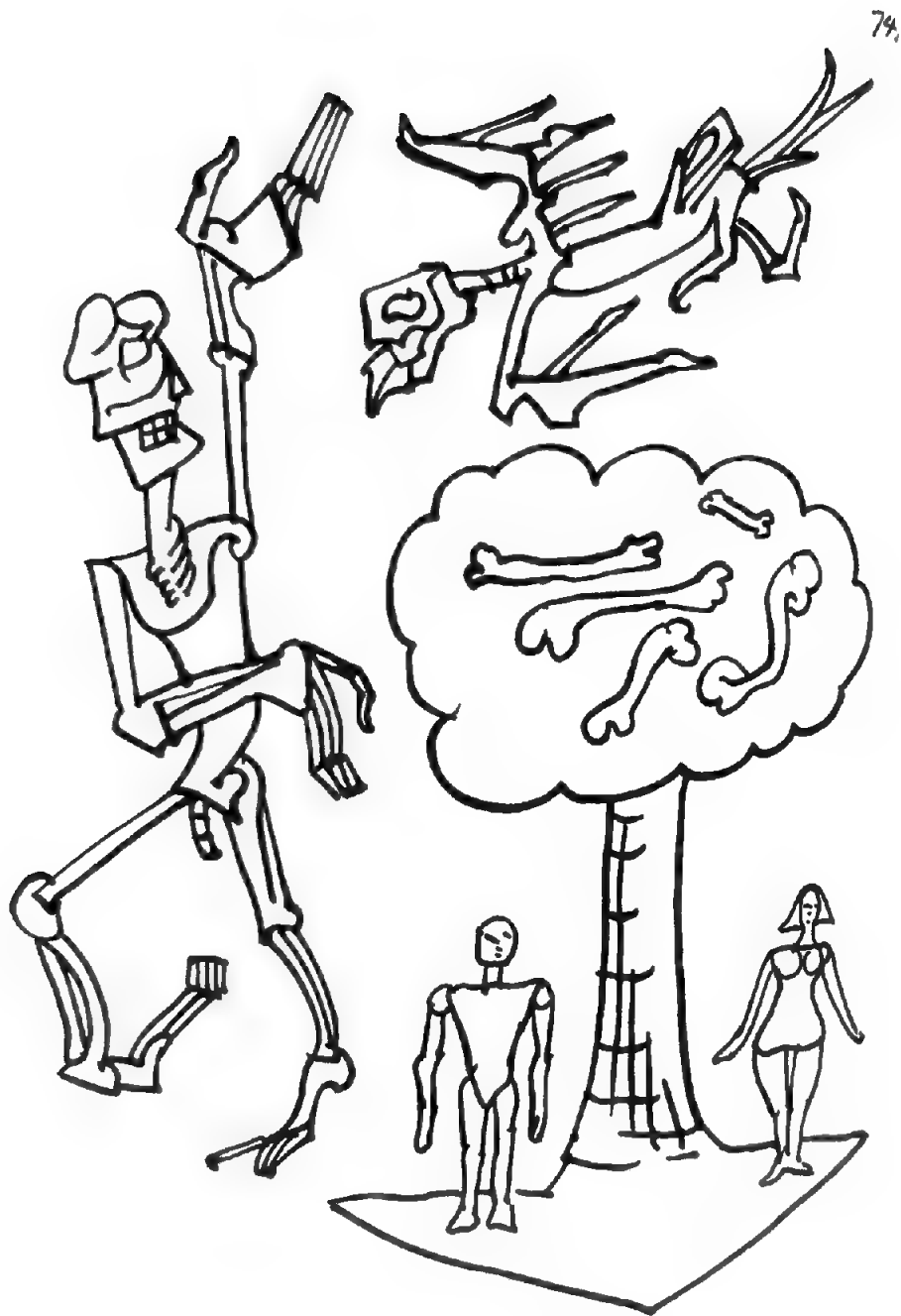
72.

2.

6-9-78<sup>23</sup>

A Baptism. The New Baptism. A DRY-Run  
 Baptism. To the Dead Sea where it dis-engorges  
 Came a vial, a CORK, a fluttering half-  
 Hearted Hemetism and, by George, the  
 Dragon on a Banner flintier than Clouds  
 Accustomed to Sheer. off where Albion Shores  
 Up his Heart. Blood Running thicker than Water  
 Is thronged with Broader Arrows. The inmate  
 of the Blood still thinks; therefore he gets  
 Away with watering the wine. Don't listen  
 To me. I am but a Parson thickening the  
 Rites. Stagnant waters adding to the Vintage  
 Weigh the Anchor in the Heart that breeds  
 A Reptile with an Eye on Top. Pure and  
 Superficially abounding slime, if cattle  
 Other Kind and barnyard fowl are added  
 to the List of what the Instinct doth prefer gives  
 perseverance to the Worm, the Scumming Worm  
 That frets the mind. "The eye sees more than  
 The Heart knows". In the midst of Fire  
 We are grain-fed Pyro maniacs. In Egypt  
 We are Chemically Black-hearted. In  
 presumption on the un-altered Heart we  
 Are changelessly as Pyrrhic, as the saying goes,  
 In Victory.

AE.



3.

9-9-76

75.

A Baptism. The New Baptism, A DRY RUN  
 Baptism. And do they say, 'there are no  
 victors, only losers'? It is the flotsam  
 Eye, the jetsam Eye, the perfect Alacrity  
 of the Saurian that Solemnizes this bit  
 of the salvageable Eye-fall. He Bides his  
 Time, the All-Seer, the appeasing Cross-over.  
 When He's not a banner, the Stagnancy of  
 mind is stymied in the Immensity of His  
 Den - and 'Den' is curt for curtains in  
 the Density of where He Hovers - for the  
 Air overhead is thick with Plovers Buening.  
 But I am Given to a Victory. Plain and  
 Simple. The Sun of Grandsons shall be  
 quenched and set The Little Lake of Udan-  
 Adan, like a heart, a fire! Out of locked-  
 in water, out e-moting from the Necessary  
 Old material of Womb-like pliability inventing  
 Comes the Prodigal of Intellect - "To  
 Comfort ORC in his dire sufferings, Look!  
 My Fires enlume afresh!" Solid fire, Silken  
 Fire, Sullen Fire, Stormy Fire, Secret Fire,  
 Pale fire, Thick-flaming Fire! AE



9. 9. 78 77,  
And Water-floods of Fire; Seas of Fire—  
Torrents of Fire, exultant, malignant  
and ceaselessly at play—Generous Fire,  
Renewing the Soul through fire-flaming,  
From Eternity to Eternity! The small  
Fires playing in the Lonely Fen are nothing  
to Fear. Note does the Lost Boy jump at  
The Splashing Crane. And Come the Day, a  
Crest of Fire Rose on his Forehead, Red as  
The Carbuncle. And the Inflammation of  
Time, Synchronous with welts and turgid boils  
And Tumours acting-up like Tumuli tumescent  
on the Earth's Skin Depth, moved as a Rock  
of scurrying on the Surface Lake of Fire.  
And in this Mental Frictive BLAZE Trembling  
Millions start Forth! The Little Boy Lost  
Becomes a Man. And what is fire—but  
The interchange of Beauty and Perfection  
In the Darkness burning up the Selfhood  
In the Man to Be! He says—among  
these other things—says BLAKE: "We  
are very happy sitting at tea by a wood  
Fire in our Cottage." The content of Fire



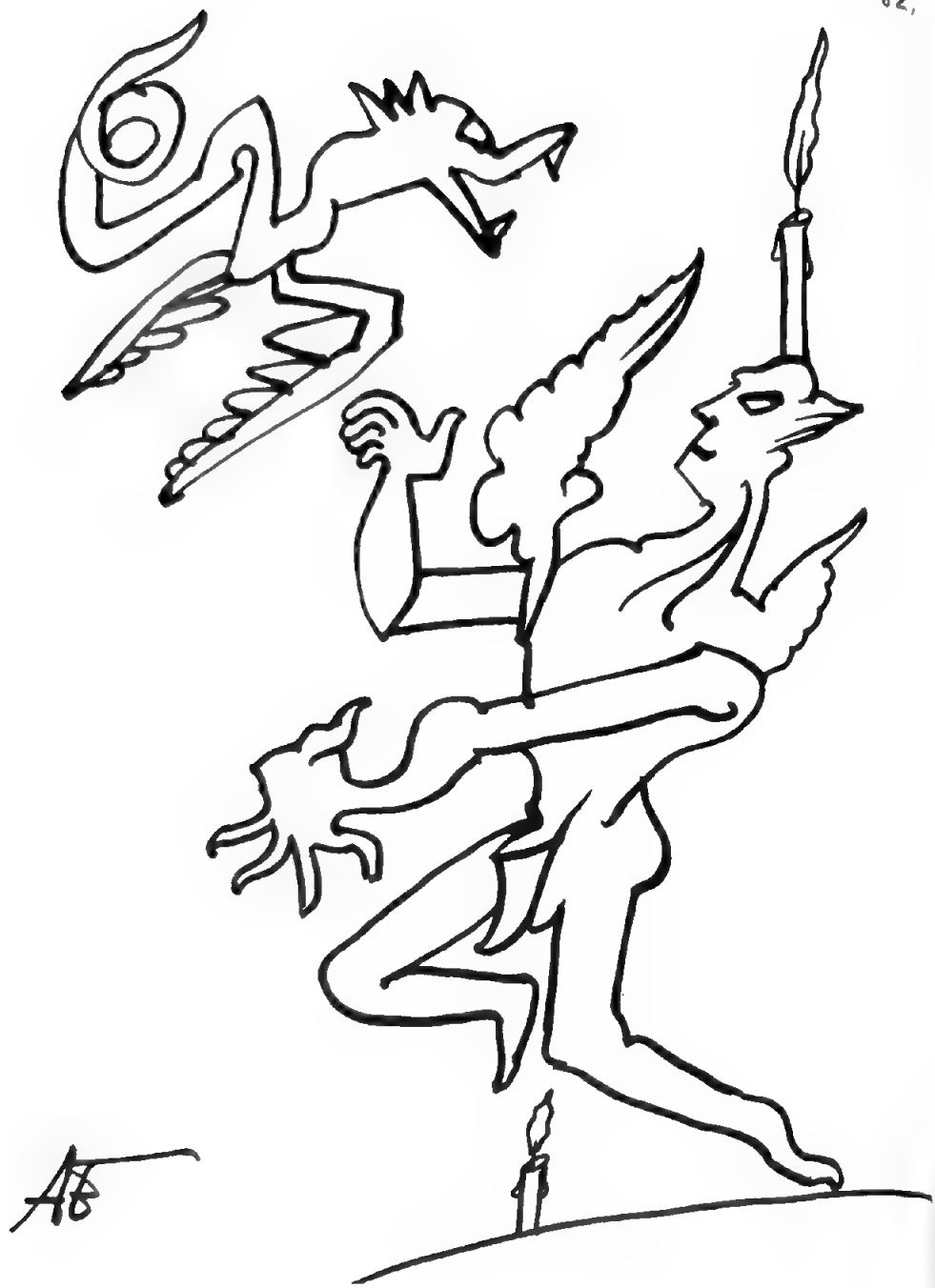


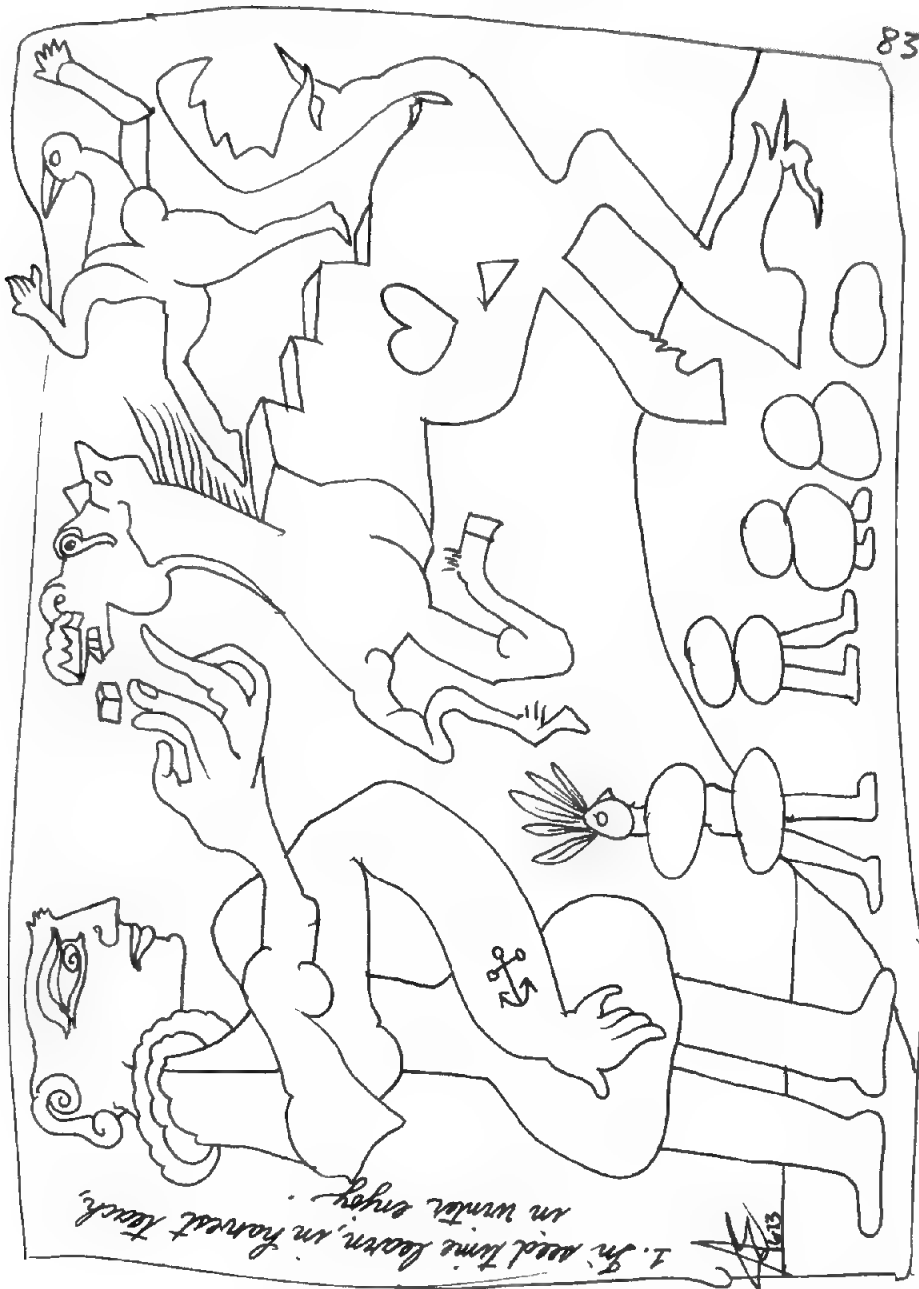
5. <sup>9-9-78</sup> 29,  
Has little to do with what The Heart Calls  
Desire. The Babe can't Hear that We are  
Vicars of His Calling. And Blake in further  
correspondance lights upon his fingers telling  
they "emit sparks of Fire with Expectation  
shooting toward his Future Labours." Fire  
Is the Labouring. And Water is Routine.  
And the Christian Baptism is the Ceremony of  
Initiation leading and welcoming the Lost  
Child into the Lonely Labour of Routine.  
This Babe is beyond our Hearing. But where  
We Vicar and wherein we labour There  
He will be led - for this Ceremony is  
The Anti-christ; and is Good, insofar as it  
Is the First Assumption - and must be  
put-off continually. Nor should we hold  
The Mere Babe to an unaltered Opinion of  
Himself. Look to His Name in Flames of  
Fire. Lo! ORC arises upon the Atlantic!  
And The Prophecy of Fire issues before The  
Throne! The Infant's limbs, when He Returns,  
shall be consuming. What hand dare seize the Fire!  
AE



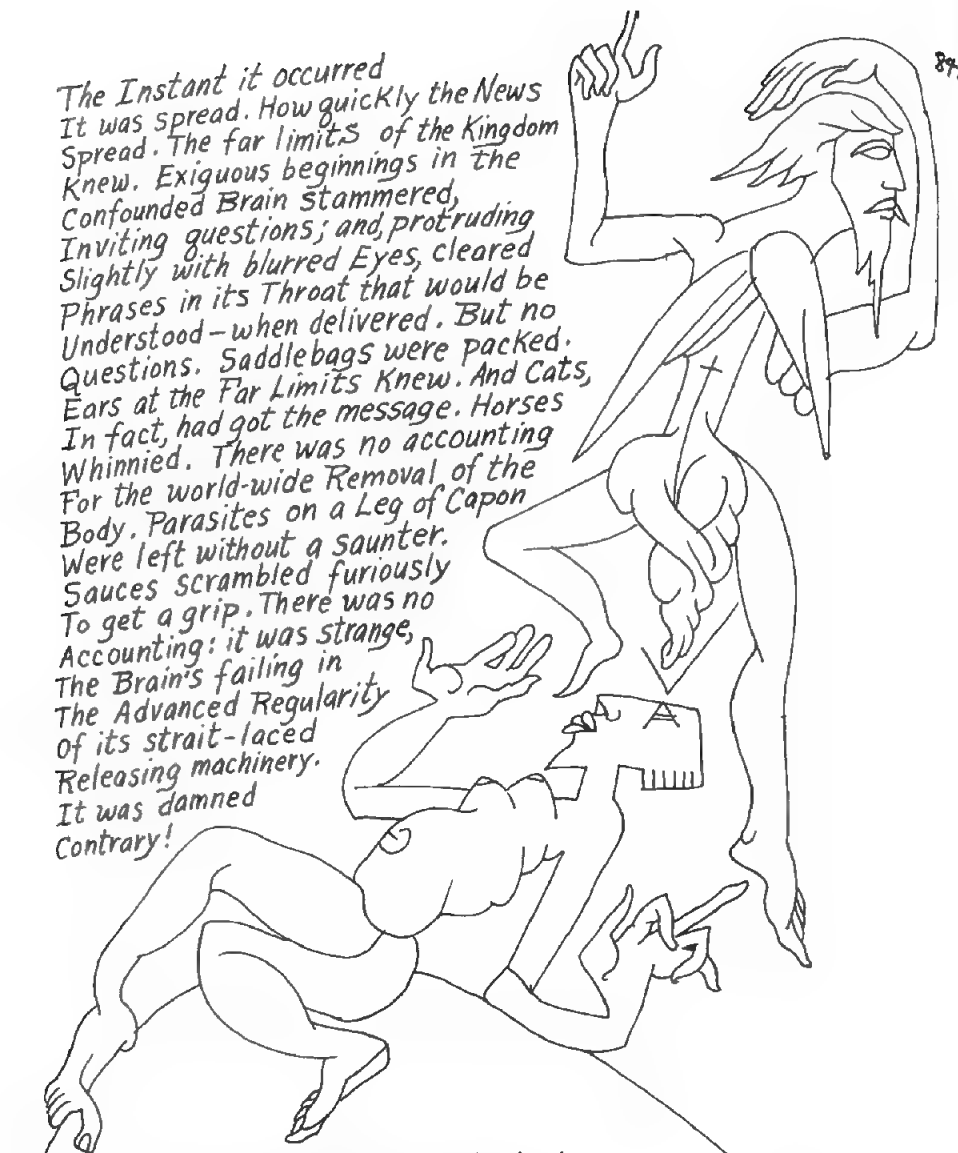
80.

6. And from This BRAZEN Bucket we go on. 9.9.78 81.  
Three men in a Tub; Rub-a-dub-dub. And  
A wild coursing of Dalmations. This is a  
Fire House Bucket. It's never quenched  
A dove, ARson and humanly unmitigated  
Acts of God it's seen a lot of service in.  
And now in its Retirement it is our  
Fount in Fountain Court. Living Water,  
Drawn from Anywhere, it holds - an  
English Bucket measure as inevitable as  
The Man They'll never take away. And  
To describe what we're up to, it's a matter  
of Going through The Procedure. First, bring  
The Infant Near. I dip my hand; and Asperse  
The water, standing for The Asperities of The  
Moon, and balming Dew. Next I mark a  
Broadened ARROW - my finger's moist, but  
Drying - on His Forehead. And Now: to  
Call the Name Aloud. O. Ryan Gassaway.  
O, Ryan Gassaway! The Air is filled with  
Your Resonance. You are in a Public Way, as  
We are Witnesses. May you seek and find  
Your Friends - not of this World - as the  
Fire is Your Inheritance! AE



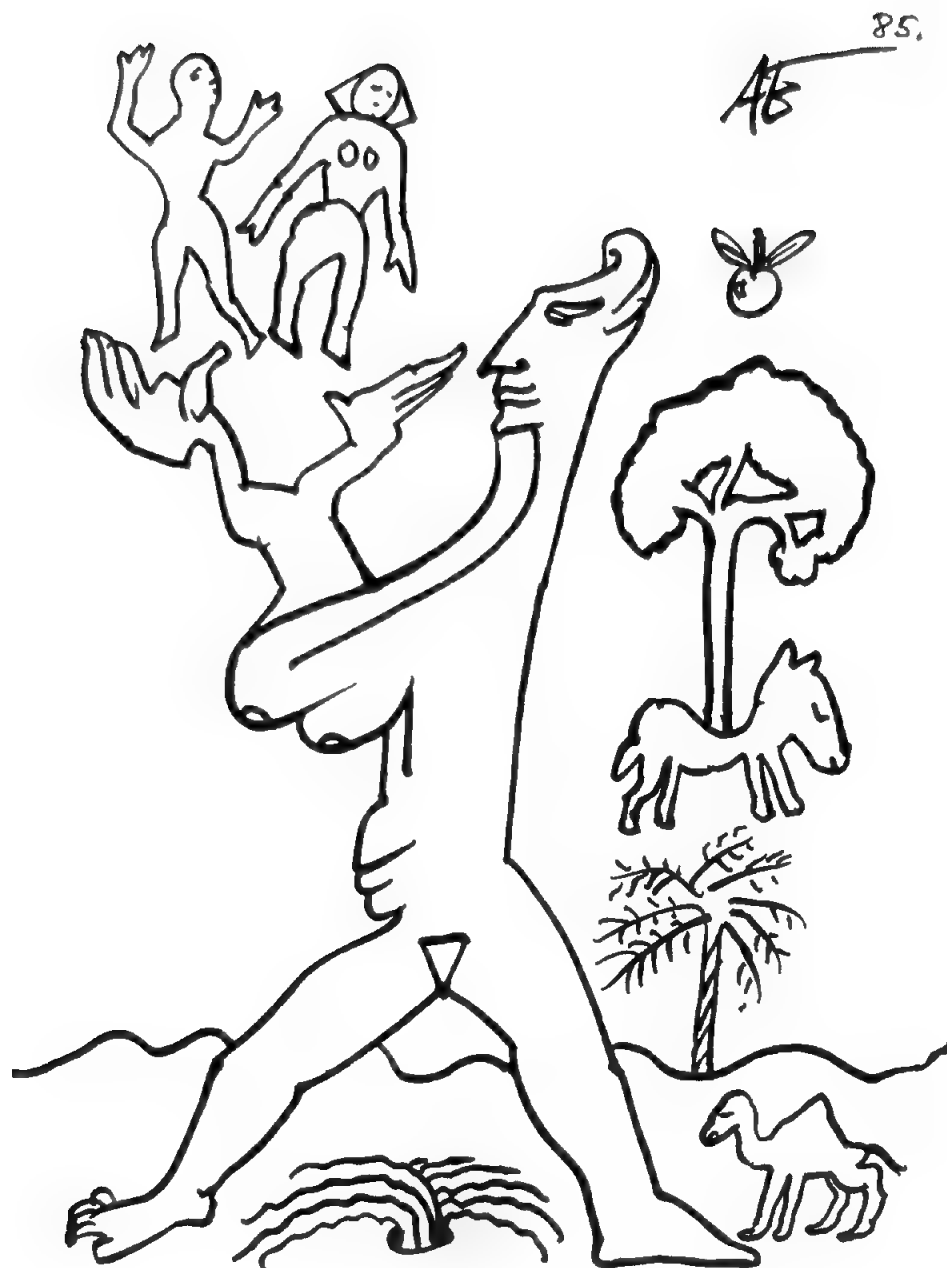


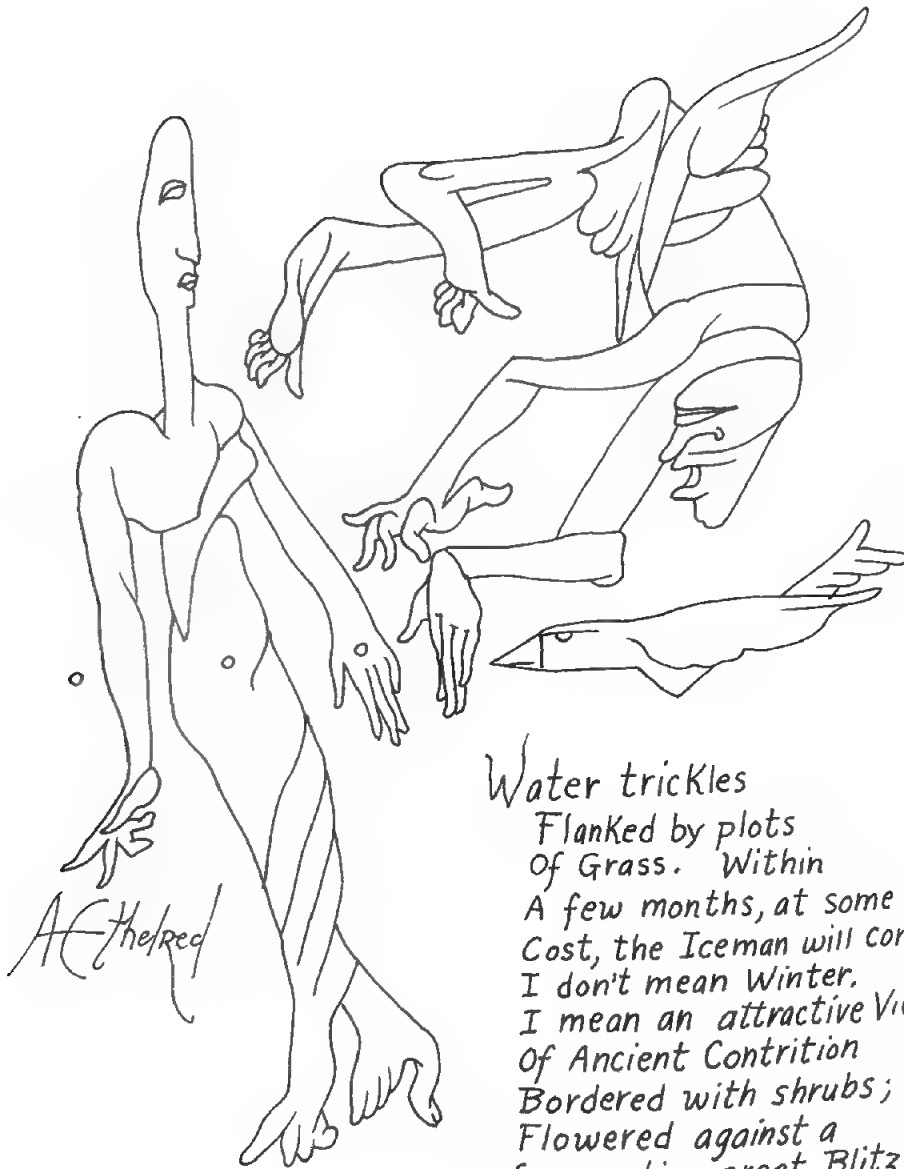
The Instant it occurred  
 It was spread. How quickly the News  
 Spread. The far limits of the Kingdom  
 Knew. Exiguous beginnings in the  
 Confounded Brain stammered,  
 Inviting questions; and, protruding  
 Slightly with blurred Eyes, cleared  
 Phrases in its Throat that would be  
 Understood—when delivered. But no  
 Questions. Saddlebags were packed.  
 Ears at the Far Limits Knew. And Cats,  
 In fact, had got the message. Horses  
 Whinnied. There was no accounting  
 For the world-wide Removal of the  
 Body. Parasites on a Leg of Capon  
 Were left without a saunter.  
 Sauces scrambled furiously  
 To get a grip. There was no  
 Accounting: it was strange,  
 The Brain's failing in  
 The Advanced Regularity  
 of its strait-faced  
 Releasing machinery.  
 It was damned  
 Contrary!



One of History's Strangest stories  
 Refuses to tell how the System,  
 Releasing a Man to his Soul,  
 Is not hooked-up to him upon the Grid  
 of Instant re-play.

*Athe/Red*



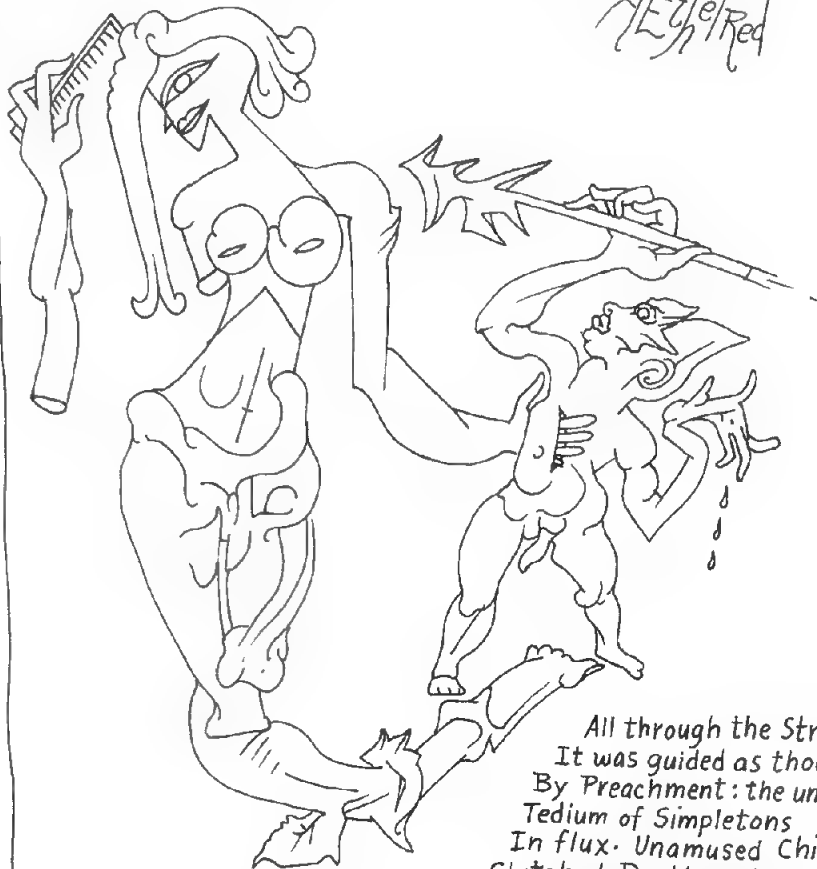


Water trickles  
 Flanked by plots  
 Of Grass. Within  
 A few months, at some  
 Cost, the Iceman will come.  
 I don't mean Winter,  
 I mean an attractive View  
 Of Ancient Contrition  
 Bordered with shrubs;  
 Flowered against a  
 Surrounding great Blitz  
 of devastation.



Adel/Red

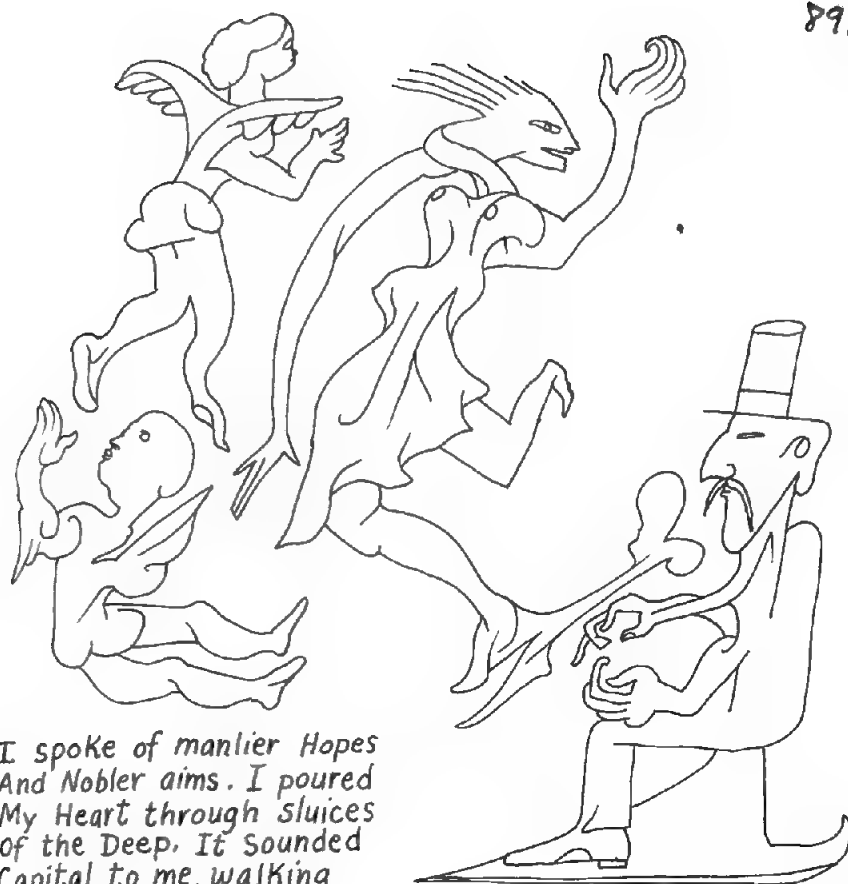
87.



All through the Streets  
It was guided as though  
By Preachment: the unerring  
Tedium of Simpletons  
In flux. Unamused Children  
Clutched Death as big as a  
Nut. (I attest this Tomb is  
Made of Stone. The children of  
The World will vouch in this. Knock.  
Knock. Who hangeth There; in the Air?)  
Never again will the Little Children suffer the cutting  
To the Quick. The Thrust Now in the Sinking Flesh  
Enlarges on the Fool. And out of the Stroke of the Seed  
Comes Hair, Teeth and Bone. And out of the North comes  
Persuasion, pulling Iron Nails from Wooden Hulls. HELP!  
It's a Fool's Conceit seeking to be Wise according  
To its Type.

I have not a Thought in my Head.  
I pinched a Princess and sneezed.  
At the Back of my Mind  
It seemed that She was  
Inhumane. I rejoice in her  
Unhappiness. And will  
Surely pinch her again.  
I calculate that She  
Is advertising for  
Another Pinch.  
And I am gladdened  
Beyond my present  
Affliction at the  
Thought of  
Losing my  
Mind  
So  
Sensibly.

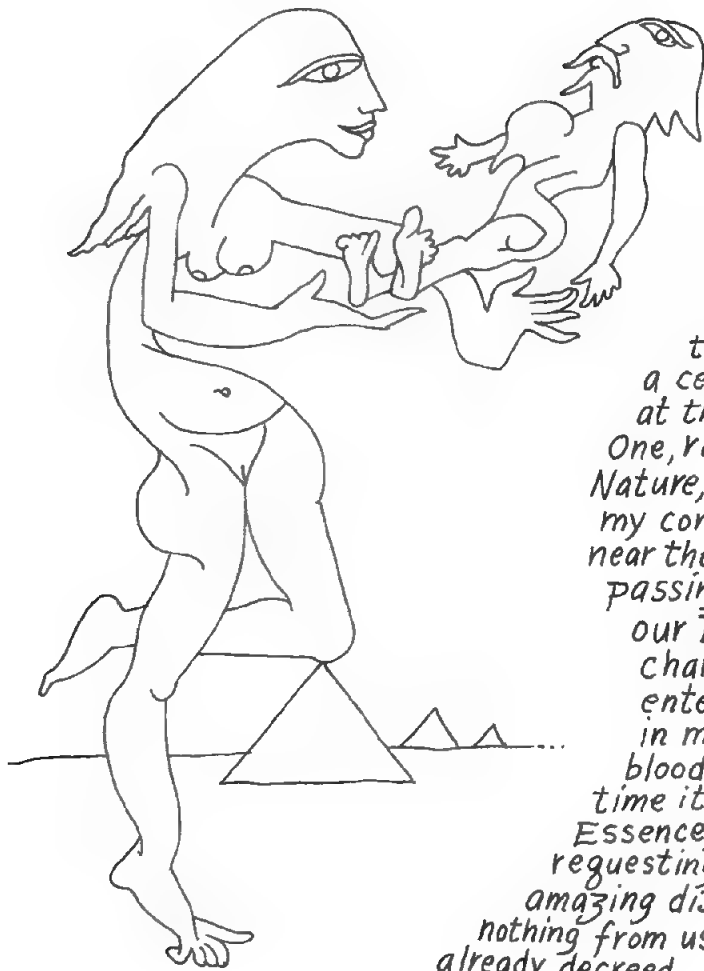




I spoke of manlier Hopes  
And Nobler aims. I poured  
My Heart through sluices  
of the Deep. It sounded  
Capital to me, walking  
On the Sheep Walks.

I nursed a mysterious Buttonhole  
On the dark side of its gleaming button. I Groped  
To be Remembered. And Laced Her Boots  
On Salisbury Plain. A turret clock at Two A.M.  
Groaned; and brought me, owing money, to my Senses.  
It was apparent that one Boot, at least,  
With great fun had reached to the Lethal zone  
Of Her Neck. From childhood, being precocious,  
I was Good at Tying Bow Knots in shoe Laces.

AE the Red



90.

No One near  
enough  
to twine a  
stalking motion  
from the East  
Dropped gum  
or gems, it's true.  
Nor did Needles  
get excited. But  
hot wires in the  
Juice of garlic  
ramped vulgarly,  
affecting Nearness  
in my Blood.

I omit to embrace  
the Remembrance of  
a certain contentment  
at that time. A loved  
One, rather Dual in her  
Nature, was common to  
my constitution plying  
near the tolling of the  
passing Bell. We cured  
our Bodies falling into  
charity at Home. And  
entered Ears conceived  
in marks of Woman's  
blood. In no Time, or the  
time it takes to hate an  
Essence, Best Wishes,  
requesting evidence of our  
amazing disposition, removed  
nothing from us that wasn't  
already decreed.

12-9-78

91.

Who is not initiate, where is the Stranger,  
 To the Envious Place a City is? Over  
 Cities, hungry clouds swagging, the purse-  
 Strings and the Heart thereof fulfil the  
 Incestuous Requirements of Remoteness and Magni-  
 tude. Swamps occupy the Pulse of Matter. The  
 Appetite of Compensation to the End of Prophecy  
 Begins to come in for a Deviser where Dawn,  
 The Purple Flower polarizing Easter, rears upon  
 The Log — and dampening fog-bound morn comes  
 Battering the Door. In a sequence of Three-  
 Ask, Seek & Knock — all the Little Foxes herald  
 A Golden-horned Ram. The Mask and the Fleece  
 of a Myriad of importuning Shivers backs-up  
 In their Boots — but in another like the first,  
 And apt throughout the momentarily-delaying  
 Sequence, the Crash collapsing in A Man arrives.  
 The Treasures stored-up in the Silly Heaven make for  
 The Dereliction of the Door. Ye are the Gates.  
 Jerusalem's none other! My Lord! How I Love  
 The City — and am envied there! Ignorance is  
 A Kind word of Kindred Nature which never  
 Speaks of it amongst themselves. I am but Two  
 Words, which together make the sound of a Wolf in Sheep's  
 Clothing — a Howl somewhere in the Heart of Golgotha.  
 AE



I am a Man Conspicuous  
 For my Local Origins.  
 All over my Face it is Writ  
 How I stretched my Hand  
 And Killed the Leaves, the Birds  
 Obedient to my Hushed-up Name;  
 And how I divided the Roots randomly.  
 All over my Face the Ugly Derivation  
 Urges me back upon the familiar Word  
 And Deed of the mighty Wonder of Murder.  
 AMEN. Thy Servant is made manifest in this Epistle  
 Saluting You, O Satan. AMEN. *AEthelRed*

12-9-78 93.  
From the Butteking Consortium of Applauding  
Battle-axes comes the Consonantal Nadir of  
The Intellectual War! And Anglo-Saxonisms in  
The Act of dutiful performance - though I don't  
Implore them - do their doughty deed. Small  
Cakes of dough, and boiled in Lard, and dovelets  
Doused by Lettuce Through Phonology are lacking  
In the Intellect of where I've bored my  
Hole. And what I know of "Inscrutable"  
Is too New to give to The New Age. I've heard  
It called The Age - by someone not as utterly  
as broken as a Reed - of Discontinuity. And  
I have the Ease of Contact with a Watcher  
Who assures me that The Reed so smartly  
Up-to-date will sound a Shriller Signal when  
The Eagle of Immensity breaks up the physical  
Nonsense of the physical contact between  
Air and the Feather of cowardice. When  
The Swallows Swallowing whole The outright  
Howl of ORC in Capistrano are blown up before  
their final advent in Finality shouldn't we know  
that what we see before us in a Moment is The  
All-in-All! Discontinuity is the Mercy of Time.  
Unless, of course, you are a MAN less abstract than that  
statement - in which case you are the Inspirational Ends  
of the World at WAR with YOURSELF. AE

94.  
 It was last December when the Pearls arrived. I was  
 wearing an elastic-Knit Sandwich Board, a Brow austere  
 With beautifully clever traces of cobwebs—and a Burr,  
 Thrown-in in time to witness the Arrival, had worked beneath  
 My saddle. The pearls were Fake. I marched-on, bending  
 Against the Storm; and boarded a small sailing ship.  
 And this I did at the height of the Season  
 When Common People were receiving Confirming  
 Reports placing all the World's tidal pearls  
 Under interdict of suspicion. Next Christmas,  
 I promise you, I shall be fast approaching  
 Canterbury with a Fist above my Head.  
 This is my first, and concluding, report of the  
 Panic which will fall upon the Common Recipients  
 of Heads when they learn I bring again  
 Falsely distributed Pearls to abuse, further,  
 the swine-ishness  
 of congenital  
 Mind.





12-9-78

95.

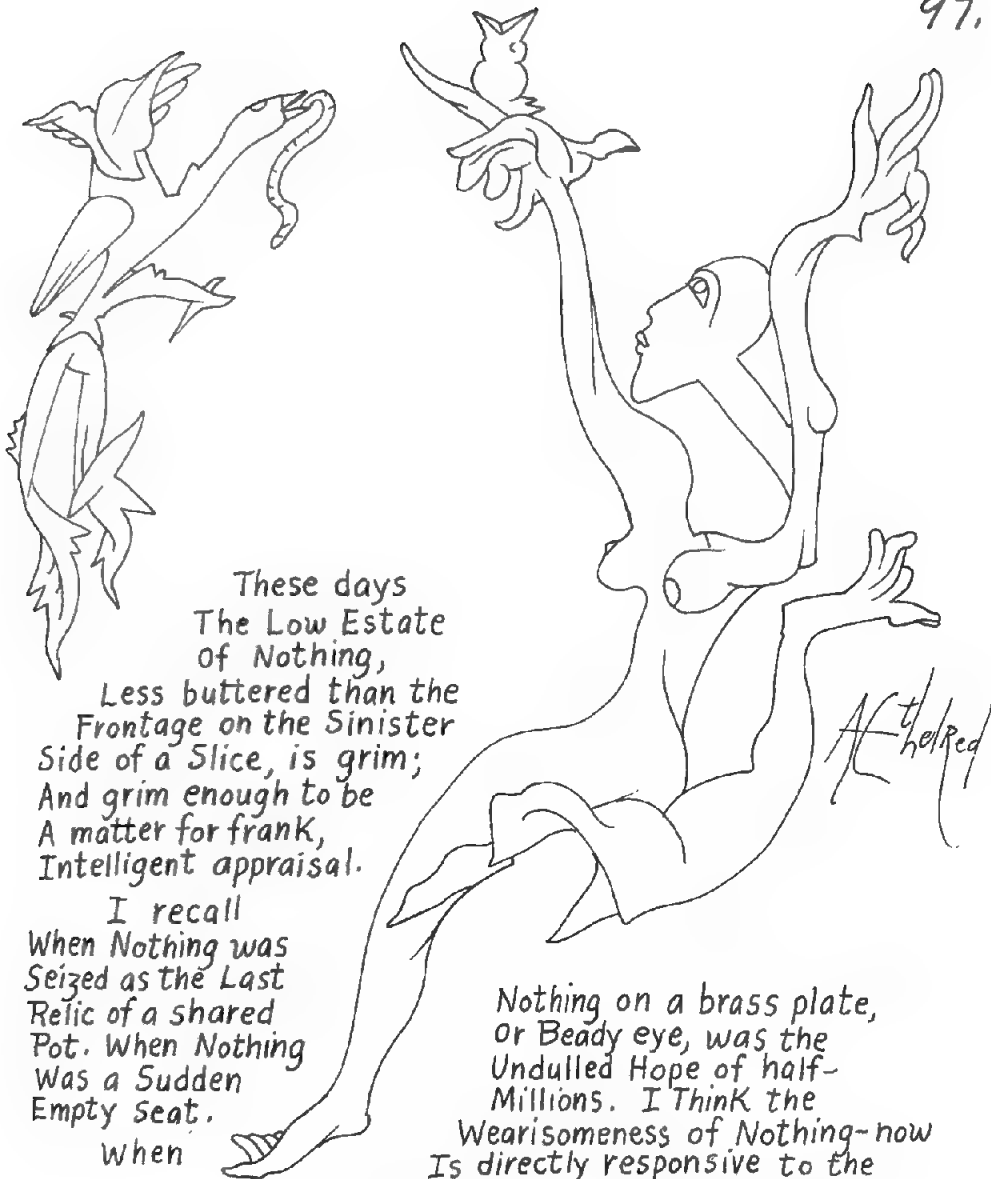
Rouse UP! Men of The New Age! Youngsters,  
I am telling you! And if you ask of 'What'  
or take it amiss that anyone can 'tell' you  
Anything - then count yourself out 'for I  
Have; and thank your lucky stars.  
Where did I Hear it that The CHARIOTS were  
patrolling? With mine own EARS is 'where'  
Enough for me. Where did I see it that  
The CHARIOTS were FIERY? There is no  
Evidence in The Burning Eyes! And where  
Do You Come-in, O Youngsters of THE  
New Age? On the Heels of Falling Stars  
One Appointed PLACE is gathered, though  
The Ostensible Earth is Bombarded. You  
Come-in like Lightning where the Wraith  
of Plummet Lines are bent concatenating  
In the Torch Relaying Angels. You come-in,  
And who'll dispute it, where the Hand that  
Dares the FIRE Seizes Emptiness - and throttles  
It! Young Men of The New Age! Your Eman-  
ations are ahead of you. Your Daughters,  
Even now, are in the Outline and the Sanctuary  
Drawn for Fellow-travellers. And yet, it takes  
The Rousing-up to galvanize The Heart called Golgotha!  
AWAKE. AE

Suffer not an Injury of Ignorance - Hate it!

96.



"I have Innocence to Defend - and Ignorance  
To Instruct" WB  
"What are the pains of Hell but Ignorance."  
"... twisted Self-conceit - dark Ignorance!"

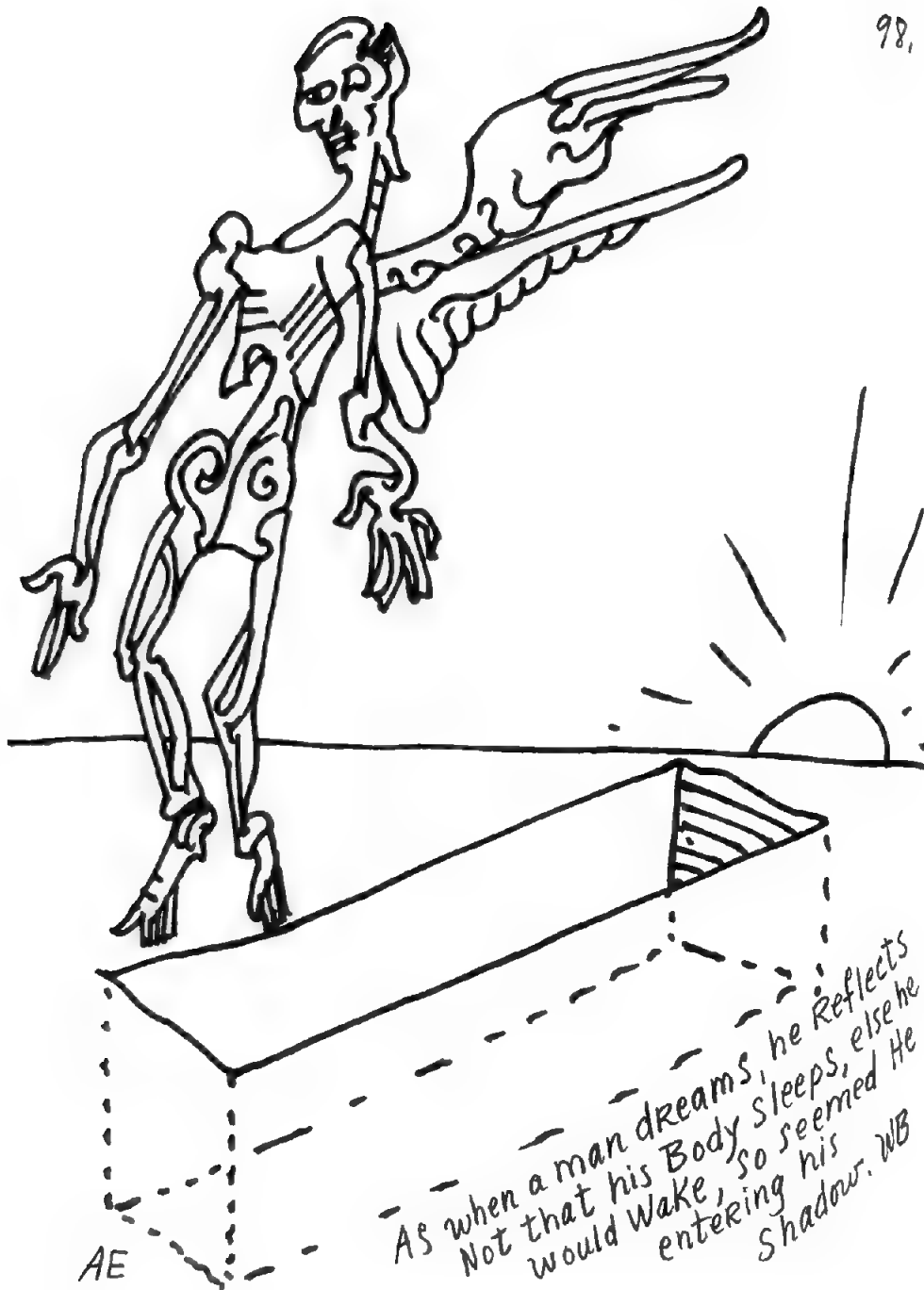


These days  
The Low Estate  
of Nothing,  
Less buttered than the  
Frontage on the Sinister  
Side of a Slice, is grim;  
And grim enough to be  
A matter for frank,  
Intelligent appraisal.

I recall  
When Nothing was  
Seized as the Last  
Relic of a shared  
Pot. When Nothing  
Was a Sudden  
Empty Seat.  
When

Nothing on a brass plate,  
or Beady eye, was the  
Undulled Hope of half-  
Millions. I Think the  
Wearisomeness of Nothing-how  
Is directly responsive to the  
Missing Fly in Someone's Soup. Or,  
To the Baby thrown-out with the Last  
Spent Shilling. Do you understand, Boy?  
Not a bit, Sir.

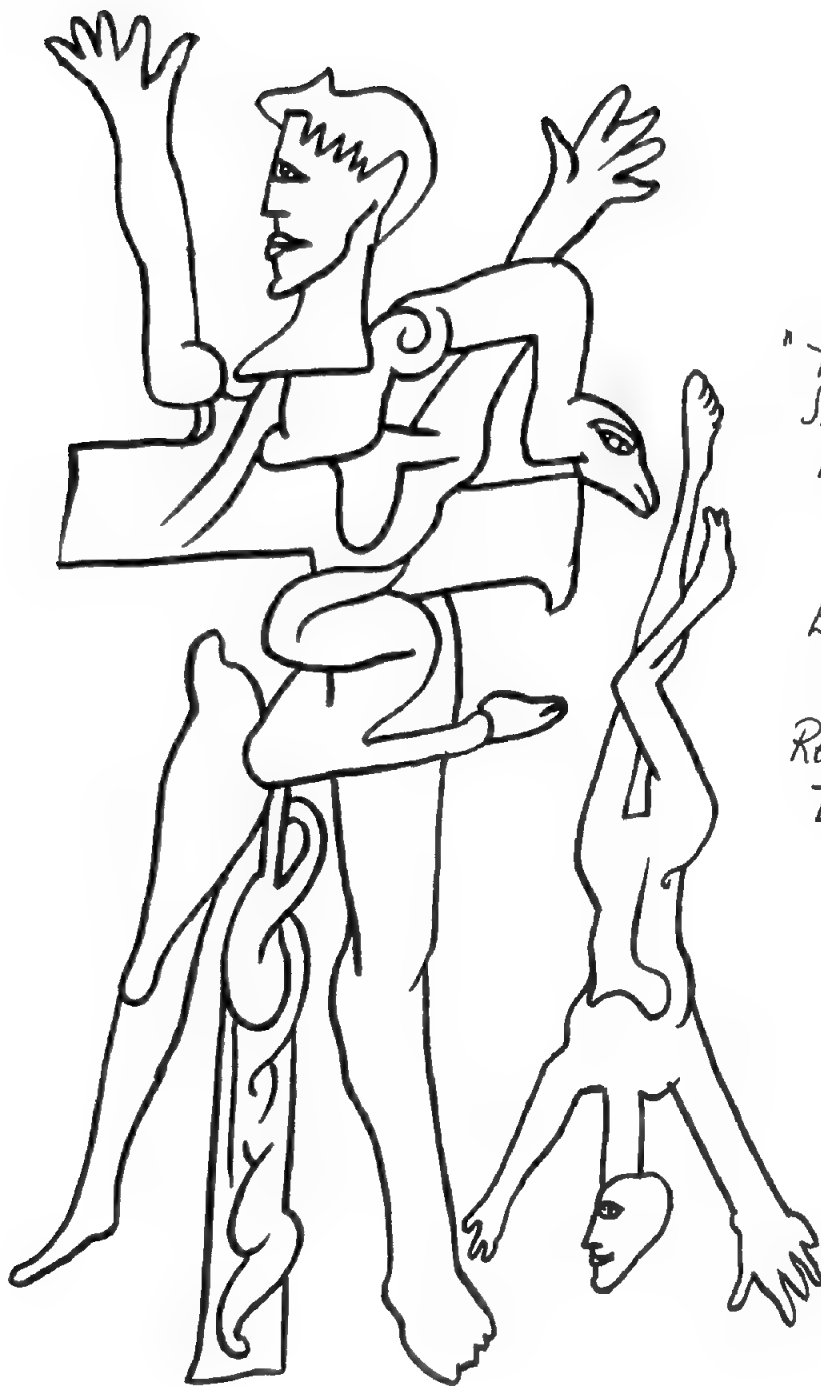
*At the end*



98,

As when a man dreams, he Reflects  
Not that his Body Sleeps, else he  
would Wake, so seemed He  
entering his Shadow. WB





100.

"The  
SAXON  
Returns  
with  
the  
English,  
His  
Redeemed  
Brother!"  
WB

AE



To: Authority - Those so capacitated,  
 Subject: An Advertisement for Myself  
 ('Myself': A Self-fulfilling Prophecy of  
 Self-Annihilation.)

Aethelred and BLAKE ALOUD

I have Sounded Loud and Waxed Rhetoric on  
 The Gogmagog-ish Hills; and at Avebury;  
 And o'er-looking the Heel Stone of Stonehenge;  
 And in the Clouds of Glastonbury Tor - and

In Church Yards where the Burning Dead <sup>102.</sup> bear  
Witness. And from empty Pulpits I have  
Spewed and Spent the wisdom of Delivered words  
Absurdly Over England. Nor did I fail in a Hotel  
In Bloomsbury. And 'cross the Thames, past  
Lambeth, down the Street of Hercules' I took  
To the Hedges invoking the Number Thirteen -  
Like any wayward Priest. And on the Cheap  
From There, I made it to The Island in the Moon  
OR Bunhill Fields. And There I Leavened in a  
Silently Clamorous Moment: a True Dissenter,  
Somewhat East of Eden. And I've performed  
The Glad Event on Tumuli, and other nearly Levelled  
Places, in America. I've done it on the Serpent  
Mound and Sutton-elsewhere-Squandered-Hoos  
Effigial, in Ohio. And haven't I Rehearsed it Here-  
Abouts where ARKS and Logans, Rocking Stones  
of ALBION'S PETRIFIC ALTARS, are for a Curse  
Twice-Hid - and for a Blessing? I wear  
Sack-cloth of Vegetable Fibre, IT'S the only  
Style tha taint Bed-clothes. And I've done it  
At INSTITUTIONS - High an' low - Schools and  
PRISONS. I've chewn and spat the Marriage Knot  
that BLAKE divulged of Heaven and It's Hell!  
(I am not TALL, I am LOUD - and CLOTHED in ARROWS.)  
(Like any Self-Respecting Penitent.) And wherever  
I go, as the Wind is DRIVEN to extend its invitation,  
I Leave the only MARK a Man can Leave - and  
What is that?



103,  
A Momentary Explosion of Doubt! What more can  
Confirmed exponents of Hesitation ask of the Last  
of the Exponential Prophets! 'Speaking Engage-

ments'—is that the Phrase  
I've 'bit the Bullet' to  
Avoid? I am a Slave;  
I go to be FREE,  
The DROP of a  
HaZ is a  
Reasonable Price  
TO PAY.



GOLGONOOZA

Aethelred & Alexandra Eldridge  
R.R.#1  
Millfield, Ohio 45761  
614-592-4254

**Aethelred  
& Alexandra  
Eldridge**

**JUNE 5-8:30  
126 McGregor**

**Reception  
following:**

**Four Winds Cafe**

ANTIOCH,

OBERLIN,

BUCKNELL,

Kansas City Art Inst.,

OHIO UNIV.,

UNIV. MICH., New York

etc.



**Eldridge, AEthelred.**

Albion awake! 1977. 108p. illus.  
Golgonooza: The Church of William  
Blake, c/o A. Eldridge, R. R. #1,  
Millfield, OH 45761, paper, \$3.

"I am AEthelred Eldridge . . . down-to-earth in the life of William Blake." Ornate invocation, riddle, fast and furious allusion, pun, morality masque, mystic hocus-pocus, archaic parody, or nonsense personified? Will the real AEthelred please step forward? These "AEthelgrams" and allegories awaken imaginary worlds, where to believe, know, do, and say are not separated. Blake's "new energy" is

invoked as a religion of immediate art, supreme imagination, and applied prophecy. AEthelred appoints himself its high priest, public performer, artist, and visionary No. 1. Address: Church of William Blake at "Golgonooza," Ohio. Whatever else, satirist or prophet, AEthelred is an acrobat of words and *Albion* is his first "performance".

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american library association  
june 15, 1978  
volume 74 number 20

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booklist

Back Cover. Here is Golgonooza - landslip SCREE, not of alternatives, but of Angels gone oblique - and I am Single-hatted, but the Level-headed Saxon Brimmed, at last - and not, of course, to yielding proclivities. The Angels are a mindless Bunch. Their Groins are flattened to The Earth up-ended.

Four-fold London 'cross the Deluge called Atlantic Via Spirit, or the Ghost, is the vitiating, Self-Annihilative theme of every morn broke Here in alias Ohio Known in circles otherwise as GOLGONOOZA.

"Tho born on the cheating banks of Thames tho his Waters bathed my infant limbs, the OHIO shall wash His stains from me; I was born a slave, but I Go to be FREE." Wm. BLAKE

Go be God - a Key for children. And indenture be but slavishly A-geind-ing at the Bit. Washable be stain where FLESH is Spirited away by ghostly flesh - and tight the Fit, And as The Briton's Blue is Heaven's Skin-deep Rent - and as No good is ever come from Nazareth - and as the Cross-Hair, spider bones of Jordan is Bull's EYE Ram Horned Echo short of where the Golden SKULL'S implanted So the Salamandrine Angels Lave incoming Infant Limbs with fatness bred of waxing weakness in Tarred & finned & feathered Flight. I am Here; and Lambeth Bulkech Large. And Golgonooza, London-based Is The Golgotha of Calvary.

OHIO is a Friendly Place. One of my Endorsers says: "He is no warbling Brook. More Like a stumbling Pebble, he Looks like any Victim. He Looks Like Me - but for the Distance He Yet Keeps". Another thinks that I am Humpty-pump-ty - all Flash and no Substance. These are, verily, my FRIENDS. AETHELRED 20-9-78

